

# Sports Illustrated

JUNE 28, 1976

ONE DOLLAR

## BASEBALL IN CHAOS

**Bowie Kuhn  
Jolls  
The System**





# "Unbelievable."

**What would you say about a small wagon with a size and style all its own?**

A wagon that's smaller than the big and bigger than the small. With a load capacity only 100 pounds less than that of a full-sized wagon and over 200 pounds more than that of a subcompact wagon. And with available convenience features like power seats, power windows, and automatic speed control. Aspen's almost too good to be true!

**What would you say about a small wagon that got an EPA estimated mileage of 30 MPG highway and 18 MPG city?**

According to EPA estimated mileage results, the Aspen wagon got 30 MPG on the highway and 18 city. The Aspen coupe and sedan got 27 MPG highway and 18 city. All were equipped with a 225 Six and manual transmission. (Your actual mileage may differ, depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car, and optional equipment. In California, see your Dealer for mileage results.) Very nice, indeed!

**What would you say about a small wagon with a ride that rivals that of a full-sized car?**

A small wagon with a unique new front suspension that gives it a smooth, quiet ride you usually find in bigger cars. Aspen's Isolated Transverse Suspension. It's unbelievable!

**What would you say about a small wagon with a price that starts at only \$3,658?**

That's based on the manufacturer's suggested retail price for the base wagon (not shown), excluding state and local taxes, destination charge, and optional equipment. The Aspen SE wagon, pictured above, starts at \$3,988. The whitewalls, wheel covers, luggage rack, fender-mounted turn signals, bumper guards, and protective rub strips shown are \$250 extra. Other Aspen prices start at only \$3,336 for the coupe and \$3,371 for the sedan.



## ASPEN

The new Dodge Aspen.  
For a small wagon at a small price,  
it's unbelievable.

Winner of the 1976  
Motor Trend Magazine  
Car of the Year Award.



# America: Our next 100 years.

If you had it your way, what would you want our country to be like by the time of the Tricentennial?

Please tell us by completing this questionnaire

It's not difficult, you can complete it in only a few minutes. But because it touches on so many aspects of our life, it can also take many days. And be prepared some of the questions go to the very heart of the way we live and could possibly make you angry. That's not our purpose. We want your opinions.

It is our plan to publish the results of this survey in newspapers and magazines, and to report them on television.

Certainly, this is not a scientific study. We are merely trying to take the pulse of the nation in this important year. On the 200th anniversary of our nation, we think it is important to assure that the voice of the public—your voice—is heard loud and clear.

Please note that all ideas submitted shall become public property without compensation and free of any restriction on use and disclosure.

## The Tricentennial



MAIL TO  
AtlanticRichfieldCompany  
Dept. S  
P.O. Box 2076  
Los Angeles, California 90053

1 In the future, I would like people to be able to retire at an early age.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

2 I would like to work till the day I die.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

3 I hope future Americans live in a communal setting, rather than in the traditional family unit.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

4 I believe education in the future should be career oriented.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

5 I want education to be concerned with liberal arts and culture.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

6 I want stronger Federal government.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

7 I would like stronger local governments.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

8 I hope that all legal disputes, except for criminal cases, will be settled by computer.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

9 I hope the government provides more aid to amateur athletics.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

10 The government should give more support to entertainment and the arts.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

11 I hope there is a resurgence of faith and a reaffirmation of the meaning of religion.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

12 We should replace individual autos with Public Transportation.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

13 I believe energy problems will continue at least until the year 2000.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

14 I would like communications to be so rapid and thorough that people can vote directly on all major government decisions.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

15 I would like Americans in the future to be less concerned about the rest of the world and more concerned with our own ability to maintain our standard of living.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

16 I feel the nation will be better when there is no racial, sexual or religious discrimination and all groups have equal power.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

17 I believe universal health care should become a right that is guaranteed by the government.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

18 I would like to keep the nation's population down through the use of mandatory birth control.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

19 Government regulations should limit the structure, size, and profits of all major corporations.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

20 I think big government is more desirable than big business.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

21 I want labor unions to be more strictly controlled.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

22 I believe there must be greater individual sacrifice to protect the environment.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

23 Life in general will be better for the next generation of Americans.

AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐

Please feel free to comment on these questions or any topic you wish on a separate sheet of paper.

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(The following information is optional.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

**ARCO**

AtlanticRichfieldCompany

## Celebrate America's Tricentennial 100 years early.

# MORE MUST BE DONE TO REMOVE THE FEAR OF WHAT IT COSTS TO BE SICK.

## THERE IS A HEALTH CARE CRISIS IN AMERICA

Medical costs are rising every day. Americans spent \$547 per capita last year for health care, a rise of 13% in twelve months. In 1965, the average hospital stay cost \$347. This year, the cost has risen to \$1,100. In the next four years, expenditures in this country for health care could increase by a staggering 100 billion dollars. The private life and health insurance companies of America believe that something must be done now to relieve this awesome and increasing burden, to make sure that all Americans can receive the health care they need, when they need it, at a cost each can afford.

## WHAT WE'VE DONE

The cost of health care for the American public is not a new issue. In our business, we have worked for years to remove the fear of the terrible cost of serious illness. Health coverage has improved enormously in recent years. 175,000,000 people in this country have some form of private health insurance. Over 149,000,000 are insured for catastrophic illness, in many cases with benefits as high as \$250,000 or more. The figures show that the private health insurance system in America works, and works hard.

The numbers are impressive and growing. But in the face of runaway medical costs, we don't think numbers are enough. A way must be found to control the cost of health care in an age when equipment and manpower are more expensive every day.

## WHAT WE'RE DOING NOW

- We actively support programs designed to restrain medical costs and improve the quality of health care.
- We support the expansion of professional standards review boards, to monitor the necessity for treatment and quality of care, not only for Medicare and Medicaid patients, but for everybody.
- We support programs which would require hospitals to justify their rates and charges year by year, to keep costs as low as possible, without damaging the quality of care.
- We support strong health planning for every community, to provide care without unnecessary duplication of services.
- We support the development of innovative health care delivery systems including the expansion of out-patient care centers, to provide a less costly alternative to hospitalization, with a strong emphasis on preventive medicine.
- We support community health education, to help people learn how to lead healthy lives, and to encourage them to seek early diagnosis and to follow doctors' instructions.

## WHAT MUST BE DONE IN THE FUTURE

The private insurance business, the hospital and medical professions, and government must begin together to do what no one sector could do alone—assure quality health care for everyone while at the same time doing everything possible to

combat rising costs.

All this can be done. It can be done without enormous cost to taxpayers, by dividing the burden between the government and the private sectors. The private sector would offer the widest range of health care and coverage at the lowest possible cost. Government would set guidelines for the whole health care system, and continue to assume responsibility for the health care costs of the poor and aged. Thus, we can create a system which will adequately care for each American, while preserving the freedom of choice and dignity of each human being.

## THERE IS A LOT OF WORK TO DO

By working together, we can make certain that each American will have available the treatment the health care system in this country has made possible, and the individual, personal service we in the health insurance business have worked so long to provide. In the private sector we have learned one thing—health care is not numbers. Health care is people, and all of us must be cared for as people, as individuals, each with different needs.

America is a rich and decent country. The 1,000,000 people in the private life and health insurance business believe that the time has come when every American can and must be saved from the fear of what it costs to be sick.

## The Life and Health Insurance Companies in America

**The impersonal future? That's not our way of doing business.**

*For more information, write to the Health Insurance Institute, 277 Park Avenue, New York, New York 10017.*

# CONTENTS

JUNE 26, 1976 Volume 44, No. 26

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

## 18 You Were Great, Jerry Pate

A 22-year-old rookie won the U.S. Open, the youngest to do so since Jack Nicklaus

by Dan Jenkins

## 22 Canceling Charlie's Checks

When Bowie Kuhn voided the Sale of the Century, Finley was out \$3.5 million

by Ron Fimrite

## 26 Good Times by the Cut-ups

A potent men's swimming squad took shape at the Olympic Trials in Long Beach

by Jerry Kirshenbaum

## 34 Across the Wide Missouri

Spring America finds room to stretch as old Route 40 rolls on westward

by Bill Gilbert

## 42 Not So Sweet

Tennis' temble-tempered Frank Fuhrer has a habit of making a big racket

by Myron Cope

## 72 After the Nightmare

A noted author tells how the lives of three Israelis were affected by the Munich tragedy

by E.L. Doctorow



18



22



26



34



42



72

### The Departments

15 Scorecard	64 Pro Basketball
51 Baseball	68 Boxing
56 Horse Racing	85 For the Record
60 Cycling	86 19th Hole

Credits on page 85

### Next Week

IN THE FAR WEST U.S. track and field athletes turn the Trials into a rousing mini-Olympics of their own. Pat Pulman and Kenny Moore report on the nine days of action from Eugene, Ore.

IN THE FAR EAST a Japanese named Inoki comes to grips with Muhammad Ali for the world something-or-other title. Mark Kram will cover the 56-million rasher-boxer struggle in Tokyo.

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## LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Bill Gilbert needs no special introduction, having contributed articles to *SI* since 1961. The first was titled *The Haunted Life of a Pagesmopper*. The latest is a three-part story dealing with historic Route 40, the middle section of which appears this week on page 34. Searching out the past and present in the highway's link with America turned into a leisurely east-to-west motor journey that engaged Gilbert for 48 days. In researching previous stories, Gilbert

U.S. from Atlantic City to San Francisco, was a sense of sporting timelessness. Gilbert figures he conducted 200 to 300 interviews along the way, stopping wherever the mood took him and for as long as he liked. "I had no idea at night what I was going to do the next morning," he says. But he did pick up some advice for summer wayfarers: "Never stay at a motel over three stories tall. They get rattier as they get taller. Never eat on the turnpike." The food may be edible but for conversation and discovery the local eatery is always much more rewarding. Sample discovery: the best old-fashioned in the world are made in Boonville, Mo., an opinion formed in an informal comparison test. An indefatigable odd-fact collector, Gilbert also learned the origins of why cigars are called stogies, where the best horseshoe pitchers congregate, where coyotes are called wolves by the local hunters, and where to eat catfish for dinner. Gilbert ran off the catfish calories by jogging in the mornings. "Railroad tracks are good for jogging, cornfields are terrible."

Of the 14 states Gilbert crossed, Missouri was his favorite. Intrigued by its history and people, he spent most of one day trying to get a peek at the gravesite of one pioneer, despite the fact that it was on private land and the farmer-owner was "volently inclined toward strangers." Gilbert parked in a cornfield outside the farmhouse gate until realizing that "a man sitting in a car in a cornfield looks just about as suspicious as one high-tailing it over a fence." So he walked in, gingerly sidestepping two snarling dogs, and saw the grave. There was no violence: the farmer wasn't home. Summing up his 3,000-mile journey, Gilbert says, "No matter how small, nearly every community has some unique sporting characteristic of which it is officially proud."

*Sack Meyer*



ONE FOR THE ROAD: EXPLORER GILBERT

had tramped by snowshoe, explored the Great Smokies on foot, paddled canoes into some of Canada's most inaccessible waterways and crawled deep underground to investigate caves. By comparison, getting about in a rented automobile might seem pretty tame. But not so. "The secret of happy motoring is in the pace," Gilbert says. "The slower the better. My wife and I generally drove less than 100 miles a day." Gilbert recalls that 26 years ago, when he and Ann were married, they bicycled 1,600 miles; hitting the road this time was "sort of like a second honeymoon." What he found along the byways of Route 40, which bisects the

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You're invited to enjoy *The Gunfighters* for 10 days free. If it doesn't make you sit up and holler or gasp or fight back that old wanderlust, just send it back without obligation. Mail the order form today.

**HIGH, WIDE, AND HANDSOME BOOKS**  
Padded covers hand-rubbed for antique leather look,  
embossed in Western saddle design.  
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## VIEWPOINT

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

### HOW TO PUT UP A BASKETBALL HOOP THAT'S BOTH TOO LOW AND TOO HIGH

All my friends put up basketball hoops for their youngsters. Of course, they don't do it for the kids. Everybody knows the kids will take three shots and become bored, at which time they'll tie a rope to the rim, bend it down, tear off the net and make a squirrel trap out of it. The real reason you put up a basketball hoop is so you can occasionally fire your old two-handed set shot to make sure you've lost none of your uncanny high school shooting ability.

But there is this factor about basketball hoops, whoever they're built for: it is impossible to put them up properly. They are designed that way. Look around your neighborhood. There is something wrong with every one of the hoops. Too high, too low, crooked pole, sloping ground, overhanging trees, backboard askew or wobbly. Or at the absolute least, no net. The one I put up suffers from all the above. If you wonder how it can be both too high and too low, the answer is simple: the kids say it's too high, my wife says it's too low.

It all started when we presented our 8-year-old Mark the hoop for Christmas. I remember the way I gave it the old nonchalant "Soon as the weather gets better, I'll run out and suck it up on the garage for you." Mark, to his credit, looked dubious.

More than three months later I plunged in. In case the subject of backboards hasn't been on your mind lately, you should know that the apparatus comes in 14,962 pieces, batteries not included. Except that only 14,961 pieces are, in fact, included. The trick is to figure out which one of the items is missing. This earns you the privilege of special-ordering it.

I spent most of the first day on the garage roof in the rain and the wind. The squirrels that abound in our yard persisted in dropping acorns on me, an act that I considered a gesture of derision. Once I had screwed and nailed everything into the garage, making many erroneous holes in the shingles, I surveyed my handiwork and found that the rim was 8' 4" off the ground. That's a bit short of the regulation 10'. Mark told me that.

Next day I went out to buy a pole to get the necessary height, figuring that increasing the height of the garage was beyond my skills. "Sure, Mac," said the man at the pole store, "that will be \$50." My face turned the color of the pole, which was striped. Later, I made a deal with the kindly folks at the junkyard—\$22 for a rusty pole that might or might not



be straight. The kids loved the junkyard and were mad that I wouldn't let them move there.

Digging the hole for the pole was a wondrous adventure. Solid rock. No wonder that the Pilgrims or whoever it was who first came to Connecticut spent all of three days there before they started talking about moving to Kansas. All day I dug and said things like, "Goodness gracious, this soil is a bit unyielding." Then, when I put the pole up, it fell on my foot. It ruined. I mixed cement and it turned out well, solid in my wheelbarrow, after I was interrupted by a phone call. The guys who were installing my new furnace (I was going to install it myself, but I was tied up with the basketball pole) helped me hoist the backboard. It slipped and fell on my shoulder. The nuts didn't seem to fit the bolts. The rim was inexplicably crooked. I did something wrong with the net so that the ball always stuck in it. That was before the net fell off altogether.

It is a terrible blow to a person (heck, let's use me as an example) who does so many things so brilliantly to find out that putting up a basketball hoop is not one of them. It cuts right to the core of your hopes, your dreams, your aspirations. By floundering so long at this one project, my captivating personality was diminished. The neighbors who at first laughed soon were ignoring me for fear I'd ask for their help (which I obviously didn't need); the neighborhood dogs who had barked at me the first three days found other pursuits, and Mark paused long enough during the fourth day of my labors to say, "Dad, why don't you just hire somebody to do it for you, like Mom always does?" Little kids don't understand the big picture, so they say dumb things.

"Don't you see, Mark," I explained, "this is the American thing to do. I am not striking rocks, I am striking blows for democracy and against Communism. You may think all I'm doing is digging in the dirt and swearing. Not true. This basketball hoop is symbolic of what it means to live in this great land." Mark took off running. I guess he was going to tell his friends about my great speech.

My only break during this marathon came when my wife lured me inside with promises of beer and pretzels, then asked me to unstick a window. Easy. I strode briskly to the dining room and hit it crisply with the heel of my hand. That is, I hit the glass, gashing my hand. What with the trip to the hospital for a sewing job, I missed a good three hours at the hoop that day.

But the hoop is up now. Thanks for asking. My records show I have \$92.50 invested in this piece of work that my wife wants me to take down before any summer visitors see it. Which probably explains why I'm so half-ly toward her these days. Mark doesn't care what happens to the hoop.

END

At the risk of destroying  
our old New England image,  
Sperry Top-Sider presents:

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Suggested retail \$18.00. For catalog,  
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# Footloose

by J. D. REED

## OUT OF THE LOCKER ROOM, AND INTO THE AIR WITH THE SWEET SMOELL OF SUCCESS

Suppose you stepped into an elevator and found Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays, Henry Aaron, George Blanda, Tommy Bolt, Jimmy Connors, Larry Usonka, Wilt Chamberlain, Tom Seaver, Pancho Gonzales, Pele, Joe Namath and the irrepressible Muhammad Ali waiting to go up. You might be even more shocked when the doors closed, to find that they all smelled the same. The distinctive, pungent odor of Brut lotion would be more pervasive than a London fog (though a lot more pleasant). For beginning with Mantle in 1969, these athletes have all appeared in Brut television commercials. Although TV companies change ad campaigns as rapidly as Cincinnati changes its pitchers, Fabergé, the corporation that conceals Brut, has stuck with using name athletes to sell

the fragrance. "The idea came to me on the golf course," says Arch Nadler, chairman of the Madison Avenue ad firm of Nadler & Lammer that handles Fabergé. "I decided that athletes, whose virility is unquestioned, could make statements about a fragrance that would be different and memorable."

So there was Mantle, looking uncomfortable, sitting in one of those talk-show swivel chairs, gabbing about his chain of men's clothing stores, saying that they were "selling a lot of Brut in there."

Mantle and Mays did their Brut spots for a few thousand dollars; now athletes' business managers ask for five-figure contracts for making the commercial. "Doing a Brut ad has become a measure of an athlete's recognition," says Fabergé President Richard Barne. "It's a way to know just where you stand. We get hundreds of requests from sports figures every year to do these ads."

Barne's 38th floor Manhattan office looks like the living room of a well-to-do Arizona cattle rancher, with leather couches, Western statuary, cacti and an elaborate Western saddle on a stand in one corner, a prize from an East Coast Cutting Horse competition. Barne raises quarter horses on his New Jersey "ranch" and is an avid sports fan. "We

signed Joe Namath to a long-term contract last July," he says, a 20-year \$5 million deal to represent Brut. [Namath will do a series of TV spots during the summer Olympics] and I think perhaps that came about as much through my own friendship with Joe as through our sense of sales."

Brut is No. 1 in the U.S. inexpensive men's fragrances, holding a healthy lead over Aramis. And in more than 120 countries, particularly in Europe—where men have been dousing themselves with sweet-smelling lotions for centuries—Brut is also making a name for itself. If you flip on the telly in London, there is Henry Cooper, the former British heavyweight champ, sitting in a Brut 33 bubble bath, a rather awesome sight. In Rome you can see the multi-lingual Pele play his guitar and sing about Brut—in Italian. So successful is the whole coloriferous operation that Fabergé will launch a new scent, Macho—in the fall. One can only wonder who will be tapped to advertise the new product. Mean Joe Greene? The Nas-tase? Marvin Miller? The Philadelphia Flyers? In a world where locker-room odors are those of sweat, blood, Ben-Gay, rubbing alcohol and beer, one can only guess what Macho will smell like.

tsd

# Seagram's, the perfect martini gin

Season after season, Seagram's Extra Dry is the perfect martini gin.  
Seagram's Gin. The perfect martini gin.



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# Shopwalk

by NANCY McKEON

WHAT HAS FOUR LEGS AND IS BRINGING A LOT OF NEW INVESTORS ON THE RUN?

The ad in the *Wall Street Journal* read, "Curious about Thoroughbred investment?" To the great surprise of the Thoroughbred Breeders of Kentucky, which placed the ad, more than 550 readers were curious and clipped the coupon for more information.

The TBK, a trade organization, is not really trying to turn the sport of kings over to peasants, but it has bet that there are a few folks out there who have the \$20,000 to \$30,000 it takes to become one of the horsey set.

The Kentucky breeders made their third annual bid for investors in *Glossy*, well-beed *Town & Country* and in *Barron's*, but the *Journal* ad drew the most potential investors—80 of the 140 in attendance—to Kentucky for a one-day seminar in 1975. The 1976 seminar is scheduled for Oct. 15 and

one can sign up at Thoroughbred Breeders of Kentucky, P.O. Box 4155, Lexington, Ky. 40504. This year for the first time attendance is limited to 125, and 31 holdovers from 1975 have already signed up.

'Oay in Kentucky' participants take these sessions seriously, at least to the extent of paying for their own transportation to, and lodgings in, Lexington, an average outlay of \$150 per person. In return, the TBK opens the stable doors—last year to, among others, automobile dealers from Maryland, a plastic surgeon and his wife from Milwaukee, a couple of investors from Florida and a contingent, 13 strong, from the Philadelphia area's Racing Fans' Club of America.

Make no mistake, one does not receive the roses-and-mint-julep welcome accorded Arabian buyers or millionaires landing in private planes. The hospitality suite at the motel is low-key and last year, because it rained, those attending the morning seminar sat on folding chairs inside a huge barn at Dixiana Farm. (This was no hardship. Kentucky horse barns tend to be cleaner than the streets of Amsterdam and boast more mahogany and brass than the stately homes of England.)

But, like visiting dignitaries, the 1975 par-

ticipants had free box seats at Keeneland. The prospective investors were also treated to a traditional burgoo (beef stew) lunch, served by *My Old Kentucky* House-style butlers, and each participant was escorted to the Breeders' Awards Dinner.

For the TBK, the give-and-take at the dinner between potential investors and breeders was the most valuable aspect of the organization's \$7,400 effort, for stable owners were able to cull the merely curious from the hot-to-trot. One horse farmer had to keep his wife from bawling with the plastic surgeon for an eyelid tuck. "I don't want you to trade a \$10,000 mare for a \$900 operation," the farmer drawled.

The financial message—that a buyer must be prepared to spend \$7,500 to \$12,000 yearly in training fees alone and that, beginning with a mare in foal, it can take up to \$30,000 to get a colt to the starting gate—was delivered by the seminar speakers—a bloodstock agent, a trainer and a tax accountant.

To date, at least 20 of the 226 participants have made investments, most buying claiming horses. One alumnus has invested \$50,000, obviously expecting to spend a lot of time in the winner's circle. The rest will most likely be found at the \$2 window. **END**

## Summerized.

As summer follows spring, it also follows that Seagram's Extra Dry is the perfect gin for tonics and all your summer drinks. Seagram's Gin. The perfect martini gin. Perfect all ways.





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AC-DELCO DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

# SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

## CHARLIE FINLEY

Who is Charles O. Finley? What is he like, this man who by the apparently simple act of selling three of his unsigned Oakland ballplayers brought about the biggest crisis in baseball (page 22) since the creation of Judge Landis? Well, this is what he sounds like, or did last week before Commissioner Bowie Kuhn cancelled the sale of Joe Rudi and Rollie Fingers to the Red Sox and Vida Blue to the Yankees. On the day of the sale Finley phoned his Oakland manager, Chuck Tanner, and, according to the *Chicago Tribune*, carried on the following conversation:

"Who are you pitching, Chuck? Who? Don't you have anyone else?"

"We'll rebuild, Chuck. I'm sorry we had to do this today. The big thing, Chuck, as I'm telling the press here, was the agent, Jerry Kapstein. He kept me in the dark continuously, right up to the last minute. Never made one trip to come in to talk to me."

"Is Vida there? I couldn't find him. The damn Yankees released the story on me, and it makes me look bad because I didn't tell him. Joe Rudi said he cried for half an hour. I know he feels bad. Let me talk to them, Chuck. All of them. One at a time."

"Vida? This is Charlie Finley. I know how you feel. The damn Yanks jumped the time on me. They promised they wouldn't make an announcement and then we all heard it on the news. . . . What do you mean, what announcement? I traded you to the Yankees. . . . Just you. For money."

"Vida, this will mean an awful lot to you. I've appreciated all you've done to help me and all the contributions you've made. . . . Well, I appreciate your acceptance of this in a professional manner. I hate to see you go. We couldn't have won three straight world titles without you. I love you, buddy, and believe me when I tell you that. Let me talk to Baylor."

Don Baylor, who came to the A's from the Orioles earlier this year, is still unsigned.

"Don? I don't feel too good, Don. This Jerry Kapstein. I think you fellows have one hell of a lousy agent if he can't represent you face to face. He never came to look me in the eye."

"Is there a chance of signing you, Don? What? But I can't talk to your man. I've invited him to my office, but he wants to do everything over the phone."

"Oh, I don't even want to talk to the son of a bitch. Is there any chance of you and I getting together? Right now, I'll go three years. . . . You still want that no-cut deal. . . . No, I'm not threatening you. I don't want to press you into anything. I just hoped I could do something tonight."

Sal Bando, unsigned but still with the team, came on the phone.

"Sal? Sal, I'm so sick of the whole thing I don't want to talk about it."

He switched to another phone and spoke to General Manager Harry Dalton of the California Angels.

"Harry? No, Harry. No way, no way, no way. I told you what the price was and if you don't pay, you don't get him."

"No, I won't change my mind. If you change yours, I'll either be in the office or at home."

## OUTDOOR PARTY

Conservationists are high on Jimmy Carter, low on Gerald Ford and Ronald Reagan—or, at any rate, that's the way the League of Conservation Voters rates the candidates. The league's rundown on all candidates, including those now fallen by the wayside, goes like this:

George Wallace (Democrat): Hopeless.

Hubert Humphrey (Democrat): Fair. Frank Church (Democrat): Fair-to-good.

Henry Jackson (Democrat): Fair. Jerry Brown (Democrat): Good. Mo Udall (Democrat): Outstanding.

Jimmy Carter (Democrat): Outstanding.

Ronald Reagan (Republican): Bad. Gerald Ford (Republican): Hopeless.

The league says of Ford, "He has resisted virtually every environmental initiative taken by the Congress and offered none of his own." Of Reagan, it criticizes his antagonism to any sort of planning although it admits that attitude led him to kill several of California's "most costly and destructive" water projects. Of Carter as governor of Georgia, it says, "He was consistently ahead of his state legislature and the bulk of his constituents" in efforts to establish needed environmental programs.

## A RINGY-DINGY TO YOU

In case you feel that your phone bill isn't quite as big as it ought to be, you can rectify that soon if an idea that Michigan Bell developed keeps spreading around the country. The Michigan phone company put out a "decorator model" phone in the maize-and-blue colors of the University of Michigan when the Wolverines went to the Orange Bowl last winter. Indiana Bell picked up on the idea after the Indiana University basketball team went through the 1975-76 season unbeaten.



en and took the NCAA championship. The Hoosier phone comes in cream and crimson and also includes a team picture, a university logo and a map of the U.S. with a No. 1 printed on it.

The idea may spread like long-distance calling, and then again it may not. As Jim Mitchell, ad manager for Indiana Bell in Indianapolis, says, "The cost—\$54.95—is a pretty good-size chunk of change for a memento of this kind. It's not like a T shirt or a pennant. We

continued

haven't set the world on fire with it, but it could work into something. I hear Cincinnati Bell is considering doing a Big Red Machine type of thing."

#### ANOTHER PART OF THE CAMPUS

Indiana basketball is one thing, Indiana football another. Last fall the Hoosiers played Nebraska in Lincoln, Ohio State in Columbus and Michigan in Ann Arbor before crowds of 76,022, 87,835 and 93,857. Next fall Nebraska, Ohio State and Michigan are scheduled to play Indiana at its stadium in Bloomington. But the Hoosiers have had three straight poor seasons (2-8, 1-10, 2-8-1) and last season drew an average of only 35,331 for live home games. Because of this, says Indiana Athletic Director Paul Dietzel, Nebraska, Ohio State and Michigan have asked Indiana to switch the 1976 games to Lincoln, Columbus and Ann Arbor. Dietzel gave their reasons:

"1. They are very good and draw extremely well at home.

"2. Their fans will support their teams much better [than Indiana fans support theirs].

"3. Their fans have always been loyal, even in lean years.

"4. Our fans will not support the team in Bloomington.

"5. We will not give them a big check.

"6. There is very little doubt that both schools can make lots more money [if the games are switched]."

After stating flatly that the games would not be moved from Bloomington, Dietzel exhorted Indiana fans to "prove to our own team and these three schools that we will support the Hoosiers." Although his words were essentially a sales pitch, they conveyed a warning that has significance for all of college football. If Indiana and other teams at its level cannot draw well at home, they inevitably will have no choice but to go off and play in the big, packed stadiums of the Nebraskas, the Ohio States, the Michigans. And the monolithic situation that al-

ready exists at the uppermost level of college football will thus be strengthened and perpetuated.

#### GROVES OF ACADEME

Critics of college football also complain that too many players fail to complete their education. For example, according to a survey of last season's professional teams by Richard Coleman of Los Angeles, only 30 of 135 Big Eight players in professional football had received degrees (Colorado and Oklahoma State were the worst Big Eight schools in this respect, only three of the 34 pro players from those two institutions of higher learning had graduated). And no major conference could claim that even half its players now in pro ball had completed their college studies.

But there were exceptions. The University of California had 12 players in pro football, and 10 of them had graduated. Boston College had nine graduates among its 11 pros. Standing alone at the

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He'll tell you how two belts of steel cord help protect from chuckholes and roadjunk.

\*As reported the riding of your tires is also affected by air pressure, wear, load and operating conditions.

top of the academic heap was that infamous football factory in South Bend, Ind. There were 24 Notre Dammers in pro football at the time of the survey, every one of them had his degree.

#### SPECIAL THREE-DAY RATE

Bob Facht of *The Washington Post* was assigned to cover the recent AAU track and field championships in Los Angeles. To facilitate communication with his paper back east, Facht had a telephone installed for his use during the three days of the meet. The first call he received was from a newspaper, but not the *Post*. It was the circulation department of the *Los Angeles Times* on the wire, wondering if Facht would like to take out a subscription.

#### AD INFINITUM

Ever since a zoo announced early this year that its brand-new baby huffalo would be called Tennal, as in Bison Tennal, these have been times to try men's

souls—and publicity people's imaginations. Press releases coming in for the last several months leave the impression that most of the nation is on the move, hurrying from one side of the continent to the other on foot, track shoe, bike, horseback and Conestoga wagon, all bearing the strange device, Bicentennial! If the fictional carmadragon Philip Nolan were still around he would probably snarl, "Damn the Bicentennial! I wish I may never hear of the Bicentennial again!" We could then confine him to quarters on a spaceship forever circling the moon.

It would have to be a spaceship because the celebration has already spilled into the sea. The sail number of Seymour Sinen's splendid ocean-racing yacht *Wilhelm* is 21776. Outboard motorboat driver Billy Martin plans to make the run between Miami and New York shortly after July 4 and is aiming at a record time of 17 hours and 76 minutes (18 16, if you're being technical). And the unlimited hydroplane affiliate of the American

Power Boat Association sums up our vague but patriotic longings by reporting that "The purse for [unlimited hydroplanes in] this Bicentennial season is our highest ever at \$386,776.00, led by The Spirit of Detroit's \$76,760.76...."

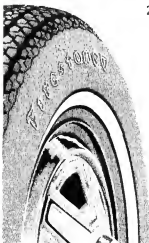
#### THEY SAID IT

- Andre (The Giant) Roussimoff, 462-pound wrestler: "I eat about three times as much as the average person. When I go into a restaurant I order three courses, but ask the waiter to stagger the meals so they won't get cold."
- Mark Belanger, Baltimore Oriole shortstop, criticizing umpire Russ Goetz: "How could he be doing his job when he didn't throw me out of the game after the things I called him?"
- Larry Herndon, San Francisco Giant outfielder, after a ground ball skipped through him for an error in Candlestick Park: "I have a large glove and it's very loose. The winds swirl it there and they closed my glove."

END

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# YOU WERE GREAT, JERRY PATE

*Hitting a heroic iron out of the rough on the final hole, the lean 22-year-old became the youngest man to win the U.S. Open championship since Jack Nicklaus in 1962*

by DAN JENKINS

Finally it came down to another tall young blond guy with no respect for what the U.S. Open golf championship is supposed to be, a crusty old tournament slightly more huge in importance than all of the Deep South itself, something you are not meant to win until you are well versed in the history of Harry Vardon's tweed coats. But here was Jerry Pate, a 22-year-old rookie, digging his way out of the Georgia pines and doing remarkable things on a course so dangerous that it simply had to produce the exquisitely torturous finish it did.

Jerry Pate? Maybe if you follow amateur golf you will recall that he was champion of the pipe-and-vest set only two years ago, a national amateur champion who like so many others quickly turned professional. It was considered appropriate that Pate, a native of Georgia as was a fellow named Bobby Jones, should ultimately capture an Open that looked for most of the week to be the property of the cherub, John Mahaffey, or, briefly, of Tom Weiskopf, who had displayed a patience and composure throughout the tournament that was slightly uncharacteristic, or even of Al Geiberger, who kept lurking near the lead and refused to go away.

In the end, with the Sunday evening

sky beginning to match the brooding darkness of the Atlanta Athletic Club's sprawling water hazards, it was Pate who struck the winningest shot on the final hole that any Open has ever produced. The scene was set for Pate to gouge something disastrous out of the bionic Bermuda rough and make a bogey or possibly something worse and send the tournament into an 18-hole playoff on Monday among himself and Weiskopf and the quiet Geiberger, or maybe between Weiskopf and Geiberger only. They were safely off the premises and tied at 279, one under par for 72 holes.

There sat Pate in the rough and there was the water and there were the pines and there was the green about 190 yards away. There were also some 30,000 people looking like a football crowd at Pate's University of Alabama as they huddled in grandstands bordering the lake that had already swallowed John Mahaffey.

And now Pate was about to go into the water, too, because only immortals like Bobby Jones and Jack Nicklaus are expected to win an Open at such an age. Instead he ripped into a five-iron and right away you knew it wasn't going anywhere but into the history books. Which turned out to be just about two feet away from the flagstick. And since Mahaffey,

just a moment before, had lost his gamble with a wood club from out of the same rough, Pate had two putts to win. He got there in one, a closing birdie of all things. A closing 68. His third straight round under par after an opening 71, a 277 and the \$42,000 check that is never as important in the Open as that gold medal.

Poor Mahaffey. Last year he lost the Open in a playoff with Lou Graham and, by his own account, it had taken him half a year to regain his composure. In Atlanta his 70-68 gave him the 36-hole lead, and when he added a 69 on Saturday he was two ahead of Pate, three ahead of Geiberger and four up on Weiskopf.

And he played well Sunday, or at least for most of it. When he went into the water on the final hole, his chances to win vanishing with his ball, he held together well enough to chip across the water close to the hole and sink the putt, the bogey giving him a tie for fourth with Butch Baird. Then he looked up at the huge crowd, gave a game grin, shrugged and waited for Jerry Pate to finish it off.

Most Opens are won in bizarre ways. With four holes remaining last Sunday Pate was two strokes behind Mahaffey, whom he had been chasing forever. Mahaffey had played wonderfully but he had kept saying, "I give up too much yard-

continued





age. I'm exhausted." Alas, the rough got him for a bogey at the 16th, he three-putted for another at the 17th and then the lake got him for a third at the 18th.

Meanwhile, Pate had birdied the par-3 15th over still more water, another hole that had been crushing people throughout the tournament. Ben Crenshaw, for example, double bogeyed it the last three rounds, and the last time took him out of competition. Pate had then saved pars with good, teasing putts on the 16th and 17th greens. And after everything else that happened—all those putts Geiberger sank and the rush Weiskopf made with a streak of three straight birdies on 12, 13 and 14—it was down to that last shot from the last player on the last hole.

"I had to go for it," said Pate, who became the youngest Open winner since 1962, when Nicklaus was also 22. He is not without confidence. "All I did was hit a shot two feet from the hole and win the Open," he said.

Having been a bit sensitive about winning the U.S. Amateur at match play, and having lost four matches in the

Walker Cup when he had been expected to carry the load for the good old U.S.A., Pate couldn't wait to speak to some of the USGA officials he knew when he walked off the 72nd hole.

"I guess this proves a match-play guy can't play golf," Pate said, with considerable satisfaction.

It has to be said of Pate that he has one of the best swings on the tour, not totally unlike that of Johnny Miller, who, incidentally, has now taken one fewer major championship than Pate. The lean Georgian goes at the ball with beautiful rhythms and a high finish, and the amateur Vanny Giles, who serves as a financial adviser to several of the better young pros, was saying Sunday evening, "He's always had the best swing I'd ever seen on a young player. Jerry oozed success the first time I laid eyes on him."

As Pate took his triumphant stroll to the last green, under the care of USGA officials, he had only a moment of doubt about the outcome. "Are you sure I've got two putts to win?" he kept asking Harry Easterly, the USGA president. Yes, the leaderboard was correct.

To which Pate said, "Well, I can make the putt, anyhow."

Every so often the U.S. Open goes to a strange new place and thus it takes on a strange quality. The Atlanta Athletic Club, as a venue, was expected to be similar to Bellver in St. Louis, to Champions in Houston and to Hazeltine in Minneapolis, places where the championship was won by two foreigners and a guy who putted cross-handed. From the start the tournament did not have the classic Open look or atmosphere.

For one thing, the AAC looks more like a modern resort hotel than the traditional country club with proper aging. It was weird to see the USGA committeemen in their blue coats, white shirts, striped ties and armbands wandering around at a place where, through various clumps of trees, one could find a health spa, tennis facilities and an aquatic center. The club is located about 25 miles from downtown Atlanta, close to an hour's driving time, depending on how many wrong freeway exits you take. If it was true that the Open went there because of a last request by Bobby Jones, he surely must have made it before everyone in and around Atlanta owned three cars and his native city was expanding daily toward the Atlantic Ocean.



Weiskopf stopped but he failed to conquer.

It was also the first Open in history where the golf course had three defending architects. The front nine, looking nothing like the back as it sat on something of a treeless prairie, was designed by Joe Finger. The back nine, looking similar to the Augusta National, was designed by Robert Trent Jones, and both nines had been redone for the Open by George Fazio. The overall result was an Open course the pros despised, but of course there was nothing new about that. Unless they have several par-5s they can reach with drives and 5-irons, they tend to get testy.

All of the absurd complaining last week after the first round was mostly about a fourth of an inch of grass. Suddenly, according to such astute golfing authorities as Hale Irwin and Don January and J. C. Snead, it had become the "Fly Lie" Open. A fly lie or a scooter or whatever they choose to call it is that thing in golf where the ball is not sitting on a perfectly nurtured and finely clipped patch of turf, something akin to gently hardened cashmere, and it then flies or scoots and doesn't go as close to the pin



Seemingly trapped, Gelberger blasted back.

as the players believe it should when met by the clubhead.

You would have thought the pros were talking about weeds or sunflowers on the side of a highway instead of the fairways on Thursday, fairways that had accidentally not been mowed as closely as the USGA desired. The explanation was that the new mowers had not been set properly. The fairways were supposed to have been cut to a half-inch in length but, according to the USGA, the mowers had evilly cut them to only three-quarters of an inch.

Since the scores were fairly horrible, with only a bewildered amateur, Mike Reid, breaking par with his opening 67, the pros, one by one, and occasionally three by three, went looking for USGA officials to shout obscenities at.

Irwin suggested the USGA should be banned from its own Open, and January said he wished somebody would point a gun at his head and pull the trigger if he ever even entered another U.S. Open, and a lot of other pros said a lot of other things that do not generally appear in family magazines. Nicklaus, who made

one birdie through the first three rounds and was never even the remotest factor in the championship, said at first that the course was not as bad as he had expected it to be, and then he said that maybe Joe Dey, the former executive director of the USGA, ought to be brought back to prepare the Open courses. This amused everyone who remembered the days when the pros at the Open spoke of Joe Dey in the same terms as they did of unraked bunkers.

The most fascinating confrontation on the issue took place at the scorer's tent on Thursday, late in the day, when J. C. Snead had completed his round of 73 and Mike Reid was playing the final hole. Snead, like so many others before him, had stormed off the last green and gone into the tent and told the USGA's assistant director, Frank Hannigan, what he thought of the course preparation.

By then Hannigan was a bit tired of hearing it. While he and Snead were in the midst of an exchange that had something to do with Hannigan's suggestion that Mr. Snead could pack a bag and

leave if he didn't like the Open championship, Reid hit his second shot to the brutal 18th hole, a glorious four-iron that jammed in there about 12 feet from the pin—and this on a hole where most of the Western world had been taking double bogeys.

As Reid's ball nestled near the pin, Hannigan said to J. C. Snead, "Looks like the kid caught another flier."

Some felt the line was lost on a touring pro, but in effect it was all that needed to be said, even though Arnold Palmer came along later to endure himself to Atlanta forever by stating publicly that his complaining contemporaries were "stupid" and "crybabies."

Mercifully, the championship wound up being decided on an excellent layout and no one could complain about the stylish names that stole onto the leaderboards. A Mahaffey, a Weiskopf, a Gelberger, a Crenshaw, a Tom Watson, a Hubert Green and then a Jerry Pate, who hit a shot that not only had greatness written on it but credibility for a golf course and a tournament as well. **END**

For Mahaffey, who led with four holes left, it was his second straight Open disappointment.



# BOWIE STOPS CHARLIE'S CHECKS

Acting with uncharacteristic decisiveness, Commissioner Bowie Kuhn voided Charlie Finley's \$3.5 million sale of three Oakland A's stars and so threw the world of baseball into fendacious turmoil

by RON FIMRITE

The extraordinary events of last week may not have constituted, as a flummoxed Chuck Tanner suggested, "the biggest I-don't-know-what-you-call-it in the history of baseball." Nor were they in any way comparable, as a vexed Billy Martin contended, to Watergate. But there is no question that when Charlie Finley tried to peddle three of his Oakland A's stars to buyers in New York and Boston for a total of \$3.5 million and Commissioner Bowie Kuhn said "No," he could not do it, the already lacerated national pastime was plunged into an imbroglio from which it cannot emerge unscathed.

It was a week of surprise and outrage, the only unsurprising aspect being that the chief characters were those familiar antagonists, Bowie and Charlie. The circumspect former Wall Street lawyer and the megalomaniacal wheeler-dealer are the Flagg and Quirt of baseball, only much less amusing. Bowie is forever fining Charlie for assorted misdemeanors—like firing players in the middle of a World Series or offering incentive bonuses—and Charlie is constantly campaigning to depose Bowie and replace him with the jackass he employs as the A's mascot.

Charlie started this biggest of all rows when he stunned even the most alert Finley-watchers by announcing only hours before the major league trading deadline of midnight, June 15, that he was selling Pitcher Vida Blue to the Yankees for \$1.5 million and Outfielder Joe Rudi and Relief Pitcher Rollie Fingers to the Red Sox for \$1 million apiece. It was the biggest sale of human flesh in the history of sports. Faced with the alternative of losing all three at the end of the season to free-

agent status, Finley sold them at prices one normally associates with downtown real estate or Renaissance paintings. Finley would get the money, the A's would receive no players in return.

The departure of the three stars would all but complete the demolition of a team that had won five consecutive division titles, four straight American League pennants and the World Series of 1972, '73 and '74. Reggie Jackson and Ken Holtzman had been dispatched to Baltimore earlier, and now only Sal Bando, Gene Tenace and Bert Campaneris remained

of the players who had built this remarkable record. Never in baseball history had a championship team been dismantled so swiftly. It took Connie Mack several years each time to reduce his 1909-14 and 1927-32 teams to cellar rubble. Finley had accomplished prettymuch the same thing in a few months.

The reaction to this clearance sale was instantaneous. Many staunch Oakland fans, while defending Finley's right to operate his business as he pleases, expressed dismay that he should so contemptuously reduce the attractiveness of his product.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL BARNET



Dick O'Connell

George Steinbrenner

Gene Paul

Charlie Finley



Marvin Miller

Vida Blue

Rattle Fingers

Joe Rust

Jerry Kapstein

"He can set all his cash out on that mound and come up here and cheer for his money," one fan told *The San Francisco Examiner*. The less affluent among the baseball owners seemed equally distressed. The nightmare of the rich getting richer, unfettered by the reserve clause, seemed to be coming true.

"I think it's a terrible thing when two clubs go out there and start bidding to see who can buy a championship team," said Minnesota Owner Calvin Griffith. "I think this shows that what the owners have been saying about the wealthy clubs getting the top players is true."

Bowie Kuhn was sitting in the VIP section of the press box at Chicago's Comiskey Park last Tuesday when news of Finley's sale broke over the Associated Press wires at 7:51 p.m., Chicago time.

*continued*

Visibly distressed, he left the White Sox-Orioles game in the sixth inning, commenting, "I won't believe it until I see it on paper." When he did, Kuhn ordered the involved players to stay put and called the principals to a Thursday meeting in his New York office. Eighteen persons attended, including Finley, Red Sox General Manager Dick O'Connell, General Partner George Steinbrenner (another Kuhn foe) and President Gabe Paul of the Yankees and Marvin Miller, executive director of the Players Association. After a 90-minute session, seller and buyers alike seemed confident of early approval. Steinbrenner even flashed a triumphant "thumbs-up" as he left the meeting. After all, there is nothing in baseball law to prohibit an owner from selling his players at whatever price he can get.

"I don't understand what the furor is about," said Miller. "No rules have been violated. What has happened here has happened hundreds of times; namely, the selling of players for cash." Finley, dapper in a gray plaid suit and yellow golf shirt and hat, said confidently, "I plan to use this money to great advantage. We'll be able to purchase a lot of players at the end of the season."

Kuhn would only comment, "The issue is whether the assignment of the contracts is appropriate or not under the circumstances. That's the issue I have to wrestle with. I have to consider these transactions in the best interest of baseball."

Rudi and Fingers were in Boston uniforms in the Oakland Coliseum Tuesday night, and their agent, Jerry Kapstein, was arranging to discuss their contract demands with Red Sox officials. Luckily, in light of later developments, they did not play against their old teammates, Red Sox Manager Darrell Johnson reasoning that they would need at least a day to recover from the shock. Fingers, especially, seemed bemused by this tangible evidence of his value as an athlete. "Hey, I'm worth a million dollars," he said. "Somehow that just doesn't sound right." Rudi, meanwhile, spent nearly as much time saying goodbye in his old Oakland clubhouse as he did saying hello in his new one. "I guess ballplayers aren't supposed to cry," he said, "but I couldn't help it."

Because of Kuhn's delay in approving the sale, Rudi and Fingers engaged only in pre-game workouts the following

night, discreetly departing the clubhouse before the first pitch. Blue, scheduled to join the Yankees in Chicago, remained in the Bay Area awaiting the outcome of the hearing. A's Manager Chuck Tanner, his available talent depleted by the historic transaction, rose loyally to Finley's defense. "He did the right thing," said Tanner, seated under a religious painting on which was emblazoned a heartening message: *There can be no rainbow without a cloud and a storm.* "The thing Mr. Finley did will change the game around," Tanner said. "It'll make the other owners realize there's a situation here [the reserve clause dilemma] that has to be rectified now. I honestly believe there never will be another major league player sold for a million dollars."

Finley, of course, had always maintained an adversary relationship with his players; indeed, it was part of the team's mystique. But his best pitcher, Catfish Hunter, caught him in a contract violation before the 1975 season, was declared a free agent by an arbitrator and auctioned himself off to the Yankees for nearly \$3 million. Then Los Angeles Dodger Pitcher Andy Messersmith effectively toppled the game's precious reserve system by playing out his option year and, like Hunter before him, achieving emancipation. He eventually sold himself to the Atlanta Braves for more than a million dollars.

The Messersmith case forced the owners into negotiations with Miller over revisions in the reserve system, which once had the effect of binding a player to a club for life. Predictably, the negotiations hit a snag that led to a delay of spring training, and in fact, the matter has not yet been resolved. The Messersmith experience also inspired a number of players to opt for the open market and refuse to sign 1976 contracts.

Finley, in particular, had difficulty signing his players. By the end of spring training, eight of his best were playing without contracts. Finley acted quickly, trading the tremendously popular Jackson and 18-game winner Holtzman. He insists he also tried to trade Rudi, Fingers and Blue but could not obtain quality personnel in exchange.

Finley was ensconced in his Chicago office Friday afternoon when Kuhn announced his decision. Kuhn could not persuade himself, he said, that "the spectacle of the Yankees and the Red Sox buying contracts of star players in the

prime of their careers for cash sums totalling \$3.5 million is anything but devastating to baseball's reputation for integrity and to public confidence in the game, even though I can well understand that their motive is a good-faith effort to strengthen their clubs. If such transactions now and in the future were permitted, the door would be opened wide to the buying of success by the more affluent clubs, public suspicion would be aroused, traditional and sound methods of player development and acquisition would be undermined and our efforts to preserve competitive balance would be greatly impaired. I cannot help but conclude that I would be remiss in exercising my powers as commissioner pursuant to the Major League Agreement and Major League Rule 12 if I did not act now to disapprove these assignments."

Kuhn added, "If, as contended by the participants, the commissioner lacks the power to prevent a development so harmful to baseball as this, then our system of self-regulation for the good of the game and the public is a mirage."

Whop! Back went Rudi, Fingers and Blue to the Oakland clubhouse. And then off went Finley's mouth; he threatened that he would go to Federal Court in San Francisco in search of an injunction to stop Kuhn from stopping him. The commissioner had behaved, said Charlie, with typical restraint, "like the village idiot." In Finley's defense, it must be pointed out that he now stands to lose both the \$3.5 million and his three ballplayers at the end of the season. Marvin Miller said, "The commissioner has single-handedly plunged baseball into the biggest mess it has ever seen. I consider it sheer insanity. It's raised the potential for litigation which would last for years. He is asserting a right to end all club owners' rights with regard to all transactions. Whenever there's a trade made, he can decide that one team did not get enough value and veto that deal."

Yankee Manager Billy Martin was naturally enraged. The same day he thought he had obtained Blue, the Yankees also acquired the unsigned Holtzman in a 10-player deal with Baltimore. Martin was gleefully anticipating the use of the same starting rotation that took the A's to their multiple championships: Hunter, Holtzman and Blue. "I can believe Watergate," Martin said, "but I can't believe that we in baseball, who are so intelligent, would do this."

Kuhn took as his authority an article of the Major League Agreement that was written in 1921, shortly after the ascendancy of the dictatorial Kenesaw Mountain Landis to the game's highest office. This empowers the commissioner to take any steps he deems necessary to protect the best interests and the "honor" of baseball. For his part, Finley contends that Kuhn has operated in restraint of trade. Martin, who insisted that two National League owners, Walter O'Malley of the Dodgers and M. Donald Grant of the Mets, helped influence Kuhn's decision, noted that "Steinbrenner has tremendous attorneys and he'll go after Kuhn," but Boston Owner Tom Yawkey adopted a pacifist posture.

"I don't know what the hell the commissioner is basing his ruling on," Yawkey said, "but I will sue nobody. I hate lawsuits. There are too many lawsuits in sports already. I've had my stomach full of them, and I think the public has had enough, too." Later, Martin attempted to inject some levity into the situation. Asked who would replace Blue in his pitching rotation, Martin cracked, "I'm pitching Bowie tomorrow. I've got to find out if he's thrown lately. Is he right-handed or left-handed? Or does he know?"

Whatever the courtroom ramifications, Kuhn's unprecedented decision raises more questions than it answers. What, for example, if one of the rich teams should buy up significant numbers of the 58 players who will become free agents at the end of this season? Will he invoke the same powers?

One fact is clear: Kuhn is putting his job and his reputation on the line, an uncharacteristically courageous act. If he wins, he will have won powers previously wielded only by Landis. If Finley should defeat him in court, he will be left with even less authority than he now enjoys, which is not much.

The biggest question of all, though, is what the owners and players will do about grinding out some modification of the reserve system to avoid future dilemmas of this sort. It does seem apparent now that the owners have been wrong about one thing: their real enemies in an open market will not be the vengeful players. No, the enemy is within, and it is just possible that one of their more enlightened number will paraphrase the Bard and advise his embattled commissioner, "The fault, dear Bowie, is not in our stars, but in ourselves."

AND

## HE'S BASEBALL'S NOT-SO-SECRET AGENT

Jerry Kapstein, the 32-year-old attorney who represents more high-priced playing talent than any other agent in baseball, found himself in a most unusual situation last week: he agreed completely with Oakland's Charles O. Finley. In fact, he not only supported Finley's right to make the Sale of the Century, he also applauded the price tag. Finley's deal had given a market value of \$1 million each to two of Kapstein's clients, Joe Rudi and Rellie Fingers, which Kapstein says he will keep in mind the next time he negotiates their contracts.

Kapstein and Finley have been regular adversaries. Kapstein represents five unsigned A's (Rudi, Fingers, Bert Campaneris, Gene Tenace and Don Baylor), and he has beaten Finley in four out of five arbitration cases. When Finley blamed "astronomical salary demands" for forcing the sales of Rudi, Fingers and Vida Blue, Kapstein was very much on his mind.

Measured against \$3.5 million, however, "astronomical" seems a slight exaggeration. Last February 27th, in response to Finley's original contract offers, Kapstein submitted a counterproposal of about \$145,000 a year for Fingers and \$125,000 for Rudi. Finley stubbornly kept his offer at approximately one-third less for each player, so Kapstein withdrew his proposal on April 2. Finley did budge and slightly increased his offers in May, even agreeing to multi-year contracts, but the changes did not satisfy Kapstein.

Rudi and Fingers are only two of the 18 potential free agents whom Kapstein represents. Other prominent Kapstein clients among the 58 major league players who have not signed 1976 contracts include Boston's Fred Lynn, Carlton Fisk and Rick Burleson, Baltimore's Bobby Grich and everybody's Ken Holtzman, who has moved from Oakland to Baltimore to the New York Yankees so far this season, with a short stop in Kansas City for contract negotiations with the Royals. Approximately 20 Kapstein clients have signed their contracts, including Steve Garvey of Los Angeles and George Brett of Kansas City. In almost every case, the players have let the cool, well-informed Kapstein do all their talking, a tactic that has irritated baseball officials, who prefer face-to-face discussions with their chateaux.

A graduate of Harvard University and Boston College law school, Kapstein entered the agent business four years ago, soon after



he left the Navy. His office is in his Springfield, Va., farmhouse, just outside Washington: his only partner is his younger brother Dan, who lives near Providence, R.I. Armed with individual statistics, comparative salaries and court decisions outlawing the reserve clause, Kapstein is a major influence on the economic structure of the game. "My demands reflect the changing times, but are hardly excessive," Kapstein insists.

Still, owners such as Finley and Minnesota's Calvin Griffith consider Kapstein a menace. Marvin Miller considers him a threat to his own position as the players' chief representative. But if Kapstein is guilty of anything, it is overwork. His 18-hour days probably cost him his marriage, which ended in divorce, but they endear him to his players. He inspects the daily box scores, listens to a half-dozen radio broadcasts and attends some 90 games each season.

"All owners aren't like Finley," Kapstein says. "And even with him my problems are professional, not personal. Most owners will be fair, but they have to recognize that times have changed. A player can now become a free agent and seek his fair price on the open market. Owners will continue to make a profit, but it will have to be smaller."

According to Kapstein, the Finley sales that Commissioner Bowie Kuhn aborted will affect all future contract negotiations. "Players will compare themselves to the three A's in order to determine their own worth," he says. "The same thing happened after Andy Messersmith signed. He raised the ceiling for everybody. When Boston agreed to give Finley \$2 million for Rudi and Fingers, it wasn't an act of charity. The Red Sox think they are worth more than that in terms of the money they can make for the club."

After Kuhn's decision, Kapstein understandably had a more immediate concern. For business and professional reasons, Finley's "lockout" of the three reinstated players was "unfair and wrong," Kapstein said. "Rellie had been pitching very well, and Joe had just gotten his timing back after an injury layoff. This delay also hurts their negotiating positions because they are losing opportunities for saves or RBIs."

Kapstein is contemplating legal action against Finley. Charlie complains he never sees Kapstein in person, but now he may find him, along with everyone else, in court.

—LARRY KREIB

# GOOD TIMES BY A GANG OF CUT-UPS

*The U.S. men cerved each other up to shape a potent Olympic squad, but of the women only Shirley Babeshoff was sharp*

by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM



*Brian Goodell celebrates a world record as Tim Shaw just breathes easier.*



Three months ago it would have been difficult to imagine Tim Shaw thankful for runner-up spot in any kind of major swimming race. Yet there Shaw was last Friday evening climbing out of the Belmont Plaza pool in his hometown of Long Beach, Calif. and looking happy over a 400-meter freestyle race in which he had not only placed second but also had lost the last of the three world records he once held. The occasion was the third night of the U.S. Olympic Trials and whooping it up in the lane next to Shaw was Brian Goodell, a 17-year-old California schoolboy with a Huck Finn expression and a machete-like stroke who had just trimmed .23 of a second off Shaw's record.

For the moment, however, Tim Shaw cared little about any of that. All that mattered was that the first three finishers in this event qualified for the Olympics, meaning that he would be joining Goodell, and third-place finisher Casey Converse, in Montreal.

Shaw, whose Olympic prospects were dim going into the race, showed his relief while being congratulated at poolside. A sometime water polo player, he suddenly pretended to be an announcer

*John Haber got a world record in the backstroke and was formidable in the freestyle.*



describing an exciting game. "It's a desperation shot, folks," he declared, pausing dramatically before adding, "and it goes . . . *bl!*"

Shaw's bid for a spot on the U.S. team did indeed contain an element of desperation. The 1975 Sullivan Award winner came into the Trials weakened by the lingering effects of anemia and—partly because of that—with his confidence badly shaken. Then, at the very start of the six-day meet, he finished a shocking fifth in the 200-meter freestyle, another of the events in which he had held a world record. That raised the sobering prospect that the man who had been selected 1975's top amateur athlete would go to the Olympics as no more than an 800-meter relay-team alternate.

But the gloom lifted with the 400, a stunning race in which the 18-year-old Long Beach State freshman grittily got off his last-second shot. Shaw's world record was 3:53.31, and Goodell stormed

to victory in 3:53.08, with Shaw just behind at 3:53.52, followed by—as quickly as you could snap your fingers—Converse and four other pursuers all touching out at under 3:56. Since the best time in history outside the U.S. is 3:57-plus, there was immediate talk of an American sweep in the event at Montreal, the only question being who would grab the gold.

"The doctor says I'll be completely healthy by Montreal," Shaw declared, building a case for himself. "That should help a lot."

But Goodell was boosting his own stock. "It will probably take another world record to win at the Olympics," he said. "I'll just have to do it again."

Such brave talk, and corresponding actions, are what the world has come to expect of American men swimmers, who routinely carve up one another at the Olympic Trials, after which the survivors go off to the Games and back away at

each other all over again with the rest of the swimming world on hand as not much more than witnesses to the mayhem. An example of such intramural battling was found in the backstroke events. John Naber, the 6'6" Southern Cal star, ended a long quest by winning the 200-meter backstroke in 2:00.64 to break the 3-year-old world record of East Germany's Roland Matthes by more than a second. But while Naber reached his goal at the Trials, it is apparent he will have his hands full in Montreal with the University of California's Peter Rocca, a fast-improving challenger who very nearly beat the USC swimmer in the 100 and pushed him to the record in the 200. "Peter's going to make me go faster," Naber acknowledged.

In contrast to the men's glittering prospects for gold medals, there is the fear that most of the American women will be going to Montreal only to practice their French. A couple of weeks before the Trials the already worried American women had been further jolted when East Germany's *Wundermädchen* went on a spree at their own Olympic trials in Berlin, a mopping-up operation that left them, tidily enough, with world records in all 13 women's Olympic events. Far from responding in kind, the American women looked as if they were in shock at Long Beach, the notable exception being Shirley Babushoff.

Babushoff did not get back her world record in the 400 meter freestyle, broken in Berlin by the GDR's Barbara Krause, but she did set her usual batch of American records, toying with her U.S. rivals even as she tried to bolster their flagging morale by insisting, "The East Germans may win on paper, but in Montreal we'll win in the water." The upbeat words sounded somehow more persuasive coming from Babushoff than they did from 5'3½" Lauri Stiering, who qualified in the 200-meter breaststroke in 2:38.75, far off the world record (2:34.99) of the GDR's Karla Linke, and then feistily pronounced it a personal goal to lower her time by six seconds at the Olympics.

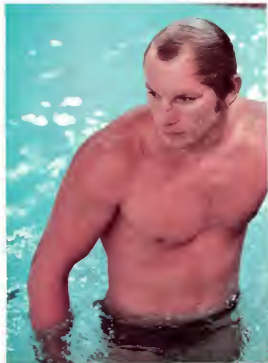
"Six seconds?" a skeptic asked.

Lauri stuck out her jaw and glared back. "Six seconds," she repeated.

The Trials also produced heartbreak, notably when Rick De Mont, stripped

*continued*

*A dominating presence in the breaststroke, John Hencken used the Trials to experiment.*





Coach Schubert greets a joyful Babushoff

#### GOOD TIMES *continued*

of a gold medal at Munich for taking a prohibited decongestant, fared no better than seventh in any event in an unsuccessful effort to make the '76 team. One swimmer who did earn a second chance was ex-University of Florida swimmer Tim McKee, who had been touched out in Munich by Sweden's Gunnar Larsson in the 400-meter individual medley. The 23-year-old McKee, a 5'8" free spirit, allowed that he was motivated not only by what happened at the last Olympics but by the fact that he had never won a national AAU or NCAA title, either.

"It seems like I've been finishing second all my life," he said. "For once I'd like to win something." In the 400 IM preliminary McKee set an American record of 4:28.11 and celebrated by slingshooting his goggles 40 feet above the pool. But in the finals he finished second once again, qualifying for the Olympics behind USC's Rod Strachan, who lowered McKee's seven-hours-old record to 4:26.79, barely half a second off the world record of Hungary's Zoltan Verraszo.

Of all the rivalries that seemed to be flowering in the Belmont pool, the coziest was the one involving the Furniss brothers, Steve and Bruce, both of whom

starred this past season for USC. Twenty-three-year-old Steve, a 1972 Olympian, had been the family's top swimmer until he injured an ankle a year and a half ago, whereupon 19-year-old Bruce became top seed. But Steve, rounding back into shape, lately warned Bruce over a family dinner in Santa Ana, "I'm big, bad and I'm back."

To which Bruce replied, "I'm mean, lean and it remains to be seen if I'm too green."

The first test for the Furnisses came on opening night in the 200-meter freestyle, which pitted world-record holder Bruce against his big brother and an array of friends and nodding acquaintances that included Long Beach Swim Club teammate Shaw, Southern Cal pal Naber and Indiana's strapping Jim Montgomery. All told, there were four present or past world-record holders in the eight-man field.

When the gun sounded, Naber moved into the lead, where he remained until being overtaken at the 150-meter mark by Bruce Furniss, who went on to win in 1:50.61, three-tenths of a second off his world record. Naber held on for second place followed by Montgomery. By taking fourth, ex-Stanford man Mike Bruner made the 800-meter relay team. Shaw, fifth, received a sympathetic hug in the water from Bruce Furniss. The two have been club teammates on and off for seven years, and Furniss said later, "Tim has always been there when I needed someone to lean on, and I want him to be able to lean on me, too."

Happily, just about everybody in the 200, losers included, did well in other events. By also making the team in his backstroke specialties, Naber assured himself of the busiest program at Montreal among U.S. men. Montgomery finished first in the 100 freestyle just over his world record time, with USC's Joe Bottom and Jack Babushoff, Shirley's brother, also qualifying for the U.S. 27-man squad. Bruner went on to win the 200 butterfly just ahead of Auburn-bound Billy Forrester, who set an American record of 1:59.7 in the preliminaries, and North Carolina State's Steve Gregg. As for Steve Furniss, who was dead last in the 200, he won a berth in the 400 IM behind fellow Trojan Strachan and McKee.

Finally, there was the redemption of Shaw. His woes had begun in April with a sorry performance at the AAU championships in the same pool and had pro-

gressively worsened at workouts. "I'd get tired and my stroke would go bad," he said. "I'd work that much harder, which would make me that much more tired." Then Shaw came down with an infection, and it was discovered that his red blood cell count was low. Shaw was given a series of liver shots and gradually began to regain his strength.

Still, he was obviously not himself in the 200 free, somehow staying in the thick of things until the last 50 meters, at which point his once smooth stroke became jerky and strained. Shaw was in a subdued mood afterward, absently going home with the keys to someone else's car in his pocket. The next morning, back at the pool, he said, "The tough part of all this is that it's happening in my hometown. I feel I'm disappointing so many people." His lips tightened and he vowed, "This is going to psych me up for the 400."

While Shaw was psyching up, Brian Goodell was bouncing around his motel, busily chattering with other swimmers and, one day in the dining room, profusely apologizing to the cashier for having helped himself to what he felt were too many free mints. At his home club in nearby Mission Viejo, Goodell had been honed to a racer's edge by using what Coach Mark Schubert calls the "animal lane," a section of the pool open only to those willing to work 20,000 meters—roughly 13 miles—a day.

In their 400-meter showdowns, Goodell and Shaw both stayed in the pack behind the ubiquitous Naber, who once again played rabbit by bursting into an early lead. They were third and fourth at 300 meters, and then made their move together, surging along with Converse past the fading Naber and Bruce Furniss. "It hurt like hell, especially the last 50 meters," Shaw said afterward.

"It felt super all the way," smiled the new record holder Goodell.

Goodell's confidence was equalized only by that of Babushoff, his more celebrated Mission Viejo teammate. Three weeks ago, after learning that her 400 freestyle record had been broken, Babushoff had been so unfazed that she went home that evening, had dinner and went to bed, remembering only the next morning to pass the news along to her family. Last week she said, "I knew the record was going to be broken. I wasn't upset, because it really wasn't that fast anyway." Babushoff, who has a fish tank in her bedroom, seemed far more distressed by the recent

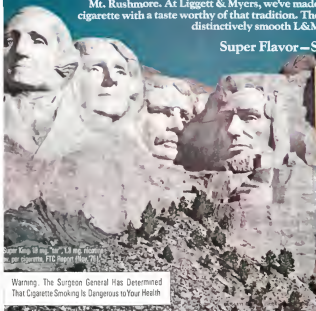
—renee hard

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past her 15th birthday, Sterkel is so new to big-time swimming that she arrived in Long Beach unclear as to what the world record was in the 100. The answer is Kornelia Ender's 55.73, and Sterkel is heading in that direction. Her best previous time in the 100 was 57.99, and after making the team with Babashoff in the 200, she was second again in the 100 with a 57.25.

With one day to go in the Trials, only the men had set world records—Goodell's in the 400 free and Naber's in the 200 back. As such things are recorded in swimming, this was not much of a haul. There was talk about the pool being "slow," a notion belied by the fact that the 8-year-old facility had previously produced 15 world records. But Olympic men's Coach Doc Counsilman noted that Americans are geared to swimming their best in the summer. There would be, Counsilman promised, a "whole lot" of world records in Montreal.

In the case of breaststroker John Hencken, 22, a world record in Long Beach was probably within his reach—had he been interested. Hencken faces a showdown in Montreal with Great Britain's David Wilkie, but at the moment anyway he is unique among U.S. men by being head and shoulders above his hometown rivals. In a morning heat of the 200 meters he swam a 2:18.99, barely missing his world record of 2:18.21, then eased up to win the final easily enough in 2:19.37. Later, in the 100, Hencken again came off an early world record pace to finish in 1:04.20, less than half a second slower than his mark for that event.

Hencken was a study in equanimity before both breaststrokes, laughing and chatting with his Santa Clara teammates right up to the moment he stepped up to the blocks. He was equally relaxed afterward. "I could have gone faster, but it wasn't necessary," he said after his win in the 200 over veteran Rick Colella, who will also go to Montreal. "I was experimenting with some different things." It was a relief to find one of the men at Long Beach who was interested in something more than carving up his countrymen. At the same time, neither did John Hencken feel confident enough to indulge himself in any pre-race turkey sandwiches, which could point out the vastly different prospects of the men's and women's swim teams the U.S. will send to Montreal.

END

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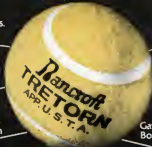
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***The Old Pike: Part 2***



***Across the Wide***





**T**he West is a state of mind as well as a geographical fact in America. It is our Ultima Thule, the golden place where the hoolihan can be danced endlessly under skies that are not cloudy all day. But just as the end of the rainbow is difficult to find, so is the place where the East peters out and the West begins. Western roads, like the West itself, somehow feel different from those east of the Mississippi, and one senses the change when driving along Route 40. New Franklin, Mo., on the bluffs of another great river, the Missouri, provides an example of how and why things are different on the other side.

New Franklin is 148 years old and has about 1,100 residents. The first townsite is now a cornfield, but in its younger days it was known as the Metropolis of the West. The description was neither facetious nor fanciful. Old Franklin stood at the intersection of two great trade and travel routes, the Missouri River and the Santa Fe Trail, which in the early 1800s was a smugglers' route for carrying contraband into the Spanish Southwest. By the late 1820s Franklin had 1,700 people, a racetrack, a police force, library and what has been described as "a cultivated society," made up mostly of second and third sons, cadet connections of the first families of Virginia—the Merideth Marmadukes, Duff Greens, Clai-

borne Jacksons and Beverly Tuckers.

At that time a speculator had every reason to assume that Franklin would indeed become "the" Metropolis of the West. Many investors made this assumption and lost their shirts. The boom lasted for only about a decade. Then the trailhead was moved upstream to the Independence-Kansas City area, and New Franklin became and remained a bypassed village. There were political and commercial reasons for this shift, but all that was necessary to make the change was shifting road signs around. The Santa Fe Trail and the other great Western routes were not constructed as the National Road was; the present-day Route 40 took almost 40 years and millions of dollars to lay down, winding as it did through the Appalachian Mountains. The Western routes were simply marked. One piece of prairie or desert was about as convenient as another for walking, riding or pulling a wagon. Thus it is that even today, Route 40 once it crosses the Mississippi has a kind of free-form sense about it, giving a traveler the feeling of being loose, of drifting tentatively across vast spaces bounded only by very distant horizons.

HOWARD COUNTY, MO.

Jim Agnew is a big, powerful man who is the tax collector for the county. He also

*continues*

# Missouri

*Moseying through Missouri and Kansas on Route 40, the author sees a man about his dogs, learns about the tasty spoonbill and stunt flying, and proposes a new Slow-Way*

**by Bil Gilbert**

is a farmer and, despite having lost a leg in World War II, is a considerable sporting personage. He is a great hand with hounds both at trials and in the field. At the moment, however, he is without dogs, his pack of coon hounds and foxhounds having worked their way out of a fenced yard and run off to parts unknown. Their disappearance is a matter of amusement rather than concern for Agnew, who is sitting on the steps of his farmhouse, husking sweet corn for freezing.

"This is the damndest bunch of dogs I've ever had for getting out," he says. "It seems like I spend about half my time patching up the fence, but you have to expect that. If you are going to keep dogs you can expect them to get out. They'll be back, or at least most of them, sometime tonight, hungry and sore."

"I don't get around well enough anymore to go out much with them for coon. I can keep up for two or three miles but that is about it. Now and then I take them out after what we call wolves around here but are really coyotes. I can follow the dogs in a pickup along the back roads and listen to them sing. A wolf won't go down like a fox. An old wolf will take a pack of dogs and run them out of the county. We've picked up some of our dogs over by the Columbia airport, which is a good 40 miles from here. You need an awful lot of dogs if you are serious anymore; in fact, I've just about given up hunting. I don't take any pleasure from shooting anything, not even a wolf, unless it's absolutely necessary."

Old-timers remember Agnew as being one of the hardest-hitting, smartest baseball players ever to come out of Howard County, but that was a long time ago, before he lost his leg. Younger men and women know him as an indefatigable, patient and successful manager of all sorts of local teams—Little League, Legion, town and this year a Ban Johnson team.

"I like to stay around the game, help the kids some," Agnew says. "Maybe it keeps you young. Pattie, our girl, is off playing someplace tonight. She's the one most serious about the dogs now. I don't know how many bench- and field-show ribbons she's got in that room of hers."

"And there is probably no way anybody will ever find out, considering the mess that room is in," says Mrs. Agnew.

"She has talked us into a canoe trip down a river in the Ozarks," says Agnew. "I've never been in one of those things and I wonder about getting this leg arranged right, but I guess I'll figure out a way. I'm looking forward to it. Pattie is something. Pattie is the real sport in the family."

The next morning the bounds are lounging in the shade, appearing fatigued but looking satisfied. Pattie is back, too, and she is whipping around the place with a lot on her mind. She is trying to get ready for a weekend of water skiing at the Lake of the Ozarks, packing the pickup, hitching the boat trailer. She is also thinking about what she wants to take with her to an apartment she has rented outside Kansas City near the high

school where she will be teaching and coaching in the fall. She is a brisk, pretty girl who graduated from Central Missouri State U. in the spring and she is indeed deeply into sport. Besides showing and running dogs, playing town ball, water skiing and canoeing, she played college basketball, high school softball and was a hurdler on the track team.

"I'll miss the dogs," she says, "but I sure can't take them to Kansas City. I'll get back here once in a while for a trial. The best thing about that is you don't have to do much to get ready, just paint a number on them and let them run. The worst thing is you get started about four in the morning. The judge grades them on speed, endurance, how well they pay attention. All you have to do is follow along and pick them up six or seven hours later. If they get a good scent, that can take some doing. They want to keep running, so you have to find them, yell and holler and wave your hands to get their attention. They are like they are hypnotized. You have a little more handling to do in a bench show and I like that part. I don't hunt, I'm like my dad. It doesn't seem right to kill just for fun."

BOONVILLE, MO.

A team from Joplin is playing in the second round of the state Babe Ruth League (boys, 13-15) championships which are being held on the lighted Boonville field. The Joplin manager lines the boys up in the dugout and paces back and forth in front of them shouting rhetorical questions and receiving rhetorical answers. The litany arouses the team's competitive spirit.

Manager: "Tonight it's Rip City. Rha-a-h-t?"

Team (high but piercing voices): "Rha-a-h-t."

Manager: "No way we're gonna lose. Rha-a-h-t?"

Team: "Rha-a-h-t."

Manager: "And everybody hits. Rha-a-h-t?"

Team: "Rha-a-h-t."

Manager: "And everybody thanks. Rha-a-h-t?"

Team: "Rha-a-h-t."

Manager: "Mack Mantle was the greatest ballplayer ever was Rha-a-h-t!"

Team: "Rha-a-h-t."

Manager: "Mickey come up from Joplin. Rha-a-h-t?"

Team: "Rha-a-h-t."



Manager: "We're gonna show 'em what kind of ballplayers still come out of Joplin. Rha-a-h-t?"

Team: "Rha-a-h-t."

Manager: "You don't win, you don't deserve to stay in that big mo-rel. Rha-a-h-t?"

Team: "Rha-a-h-t."

Manager: "Rha-a-h-t, men. Now let's go get 'em, Big Mean Green Machine."

The Big Mean Green Machine bats first. Two walks precede a high infield pop-up, which is very dangerous in under-15 baseball. The opposing shortstop circles valiantly under the fly, which eventually drops in front of him. The manager, who is also the first-base coach, waves his arms wildly and screams at his base runners. The torrent of commands seems to petrify the boys and before the excitement is over they have been coached into a gaudy double play, very nearly a triple play.

As the fortunes of the game shift back and forth, Joplin men who have come with the team as league officials or coaching consultants storm around the edges of the field, shouting praise and cursing bonehead, lack-of-desire plays. After an inning or so an umpire shoos away the raucous rooters. They retreat up an adjacent bank where they continue to encourage and vilify their team and tap a case of beer which is in the trunk of one of their cars.

A spectator notes that the men seem more excited than the kids.

"That would be about right," says one. "All three of us are intense. We give most of our free time to this program. You got to stay on 13-year-olds. If you don't, they start looking for a pool table, thinking about what they are going to eat after the game or going swimming in the motel pool. You gotta keep their minds on ball. We work to get them these trips so they can play ball, not mess around. You gotta keep their minds on the game. Rha-a-h-t, ol' buddy?"

"Rha-a-h-t."

#### MOUTH OF THE LAMINE, MO.

A rule of the transcontinental road is never eat seafood west of the Appalachians or east of the Sierra. It may not be poisonous but despite freezer technology and airline schedules it usually tastes old and dull. If you feel fishy, order locally caught trout, bass, perch, bluegills, frogs or even crawdads. And especially



between Indiana and Kansas order catfish. These creatures can be very good but they are getting harder to find, having been driven from menus by quick-order, frozen-and-breaded indelicacies from the sea. As the demand has decreased, so have the number of commercial inland fishermen.

Robert Quint is known as the last of the full-time, professional cat fishermen along the central Missouri. Quint is frail-looking and sandy haired: he lives alone in a cabin at the mouth of the Lamine River close to its confluence with the Missouri. For a loner, he is an agreeable and hospitable man but politely evasive in a country way.

Quint uses circular, steel-rimmed nets that he sinks in the Missouri and in the morning or evening raises to see if he has caught anything. He welds his own net frames and when he has the time ties his own nets. "I got the idea that I could make a living from fishing," he says, "and that if I could, I would like that."

How many pounds of fish does he take in a year?

"I couldn't really say. I have to give the state some figures but offhand I don't remember what they are."

What's the biggest cat he ever took?

"I got one about 50 pounds. You hear people talk about a lot bigger ones so I

guess that isn't much, but it's the biggest one I've seen and I've pulled out a few cat—blues, channel, buffalo."

Among river fish, Robert Quint personally prefers the spoonbill (*Polyodon spathula*). "Some will tell you the spoonbill is a cat: they even call it the spoon or paddle cat, but I won't," he says. "The two are no relation. I've done some reading on the subject. The spoonbill is a prehistoric-looking fish. He opens that big mouth and swims through the water sucking in plankton. It is an arrangement like the baleen whales. I don't get many spoonbills but they are fine eating. I've got customers waiting for every spoonbill I get."

"I work harder down here alone than I ever did for a boss, but it is my own work. If I'm out in the boat or cleaning fish until late at night, I may sleep until eight the next morning. I am the one who determines how I use my time. It has been a good life, down here on the river."

#### CORNER, MO.

Frank Ruechter is a farmer and stockman. This weekend he is in charge of the tractor-pulling contest, a major event at the annual town reunion and picnic. Tractor pulling is a relatively new sport that evolved from ox- and horse-pulling. It began with men matching mad

continued

chines they used in the fields but has grown much more complex. Now there are professionals who spend summers trucking around to pull with machines that pull plows about as often as *Bold Forbes* does. Ruehler, who plants corn and soybeans, was a competitive puller in the more informal days of the sport. "I used to take some vacation time and hit a few pulls," he says, "but it's got to be too rich for my blood. You have to spend three or four thousand to modify a machine. If you blow an engine, there goes \$3,000. Still, I might get back to it sometime."

Recently Ruehler and his family have become interested in another, even newer, work-sport. "I've got four brothers who farm," Ruehler says. "Between us, we have 11 trail bikes. We use them to herd cattle and ride fences. They don't cost as much to run as a horse and they go where four-wheel-drive won't. One of my brothers has about 55 acres along the creek that are too low and poor to work, though you can get a little pasture out of them at times. We got together with axes and corn choppers and cut out a real crooked, mile-long obstacle course for the bikes. We put up crazy signs. There is some wild riding down there. Most Sundays we build a bonfire and take steaks and spend the day there. Just family and friends but we sure have fun."

"People think farmers live at the end of a muddy lane and when they get through work they sit on the front porch rocking, not knowing or caring anything about the rest of the world. That's not the way it is. You should see the appointment calendars of the fellows around here. People are booked up solid with all sorts of things—volunteer firemen, school board, planning and zoning commissions, picnics, charitable and, I suppose you would call them, cultural meetings. People go off to water ski in the summer, ski in the mountains in the winters. Running into Kansas City for a Royals or Chiefs game is commonplace. They go to California, New York, even Europe on vacations. Farming is hard work at times, but I'd say you have lots of freedom and more chance to enjoy city attractions than city people do to enjoy country life."

## GRAIN VALLEY, Mo.

The airport is used for sports and aerobatic flyers, glider pilots and antique-

plane enthusiasts. Toni Ciarelle is 23 years old but could easily pass for a junior high school student. The youthful appearance is a professional problem for Ciarelle, a corporation pilot and stunt flyer who also teaches her friends to fly. "She is a fine pilot," says the airport manager, "but people are leery about taking lessons from somebody who looks like a 13-year-old."

On this Sunday morning Toni has a student, Judy Lindquist, whose husband is a dentist so, she says, "he can have the time and the money to fly. He was a P-47 pilot in World War II and our whole life revolves around flying." The Lindquists have two planes and Judy is awaiting delivery of a third, a custom-made biplane, a Rose Parakeet, which she wants to use for aerobatics. To do so she needs instruction in the operation of a tail dragger and Toni Ciarelle has one—a 1940 Piper J-3.

Toni also uses the Piper, which can carry one passenger and about 20 pounds of baggage (at 80 mph), for stunts at air shows and county fairs. Toni dresses like a 13-year-old for her act and the old Piper is touted as a radio-controlled plane. The radio supposedly fails while the helpless little girl is aloft. Toni shrieks, hangs on the wings, swoops around for a time, then finally bounces to a landing. She has been getting \$200 an appearance. A local policeman once tried to arrest her after a practice, thinking a drunk had been piloting the plane.

"I've been flying since I was 16," she says. "I got my license as soon as I was tall enough to reach the controls—sitting on a pillow, of course. I'm sort of in college now, taking some aeronautical courses. I just want to make enough money for gas and hangar rental. I want to stay up in the air. That is what makes me happy."

## KANSAS CITY

Twenty-five years ago there was little major league competition west of St. Louis but now there are Kansas City teams in every conceivable major league sport. On a hot, steamy afternoon, the Chiefs are scrumming at William Jewell College. Rookies usually can be distinguished from the vets. They rip and snort until they become faint and weak from the heat. Veterans are more agile when it comes to finding shade and defending their positions around the Ga-

lorade stand. A rookie running back has twice juked brilliantly around a languid and much older linebacker. On the third try the defender casually stretches out a massive arm and slams the rookie to the baked ground. The linebacker walks slowly to the Gatorade stand and gets a few low-energy puts from other veterans.

Dressing up in football armor, pushing and shoving about the field in July would seem an uncomfortable way to spend Saturday afternoon. But Cleophus Muller, running back and second-year man, is fairly cool about the hot weather. "I worked summers on construction jobs in Little Rock," he says. "Temperature about the same there as here. Hot is hot and you couldn't say one is better or worse than the other, but here you work two or three hours a day and in construction it is eight or 10 hours. When you work construction nobody is bringing around all those cold drinks. There's a lot worse things you could be doing."

## GORHAM, KANSAS

Kansas is a state where Route 40 is often swallowed up by and disappears under Interstate 70, and it is sometimes difficult to remember that mowing out here was once high adventure, a sporting proposition. One Kansas oldtimer recalls the 1925 summer when he, his brother and cousin borrowed a 1923 Model T and drove from their home near Coffeyville in southeastern Kansas to Gorham in the central section. There they picked up the cousin's father, who was working in a lumber yard, turned around and went home. The round trip was nearly 700 miles and they made it in nine days.

"It was certainly not a pioneering excursion," he says of the trip. "Cars had been common in those parts for at least 10 years, but it was the first chance any of us had had to do some real touring. We prepared carefully. We asked advice from people who had been over parts of our route and when we left we had a great pile of camping gear and supplies lashed to the running boards. This was before it was common practice to number highways. They were named. I can remember the Atlantic and Pacific Highway, the Santa Fe Trail, Pikes Peak, the Potash Highway. I believe what is now Route 40 was called the Victory Highway. There was a general merchant, Woody Hockaday, and he had signs pointing the way

*continued*

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into town. That became the Hockaday Highway. The only substantial distance of paved road we encountered was around Wichita. It was a bricked road and was called the Cannonball Road.

"There were some regular filling stations but you couldn't depend on finding one when you needed it. We carried extra gas and you could buy white gas in most groceries and feed stores. Every town of any size had a garage and a top-and-body shop. We carried a lot of tools and spare parts, though I don't recall what all."

The 1926—and first—Rand McNally Auto Road Atlas recommended that a prudent motorist carry, among other things: open end wrenches, monkey wrench, stillson wrench, spark-plug socket wrench, mechanic's hammer, large and small screwdrivers, chain files, nuts, bolts, cotter pins, a spool of soft iron wire, extra tire valves, spark plugs and rim lugs, a box of talcum powder (for inserting tubes in casings), high- and low-tension cable, grease gun, extra fan belt, a sheet of cork, two extra tires and three extra tubes carefully rolled and packed in burlap, tube-patching kit, tire boots, a pump, jack, tire chains and a tow rope.

Except for seven or eight flat tires, the travelers had no serious problems. "People on the road in those days were very good about stopping and helping anyone in trouble," the old-timer says. "Touring was so new that anybody driving became a member of the same club. There were no motels such as we now have. We stayed in tourist camps that were just what the name implies, an open field in which to pitch a tent, a source of water, primitive sanitary facilities and usually a small store run by the owner of the land. In the evening it would take an hour or so to unload and arrange our tent, stove and blankets. At night people would get together to talk about their machines, tell about adventures they had had and exchange information about road conditions. It was a gypsy atmosphere. Maybe it was like the emigrants when they drew up their wagons at night.

"The thing I remember very clearly about that first trip is the great sense of freedom I experienced. In my boyhood you were much more cut off from the rest of the world than is the case today. You lived your life in a small area. There were trains, of course, but on a train

you were at the mercy of the railroad in terms of when you could go, where you could stop. The automobile was an entirely different proposition. You could travel when and where you chose to do so. Actually we didn't go very fast or far by today's standards, but I know that summer in 1925 we thought the whole country was open to us. We had the feeling that we were footloose and fancy-free." Footloose and fancy-free—it is an idea of great power and appeal and is perhaps as good a short explanation and justification of the Highway Culture as is possible.

## A PROPOSAL

Much that we value of past and present can be found and enjoyed along the route that was first a Shawnee trail and then the National Road and later Route 40—and now in places is known as New 70. It is a highway providing continuity of history and culture as it sweeps from tidewater to the prairies, through cities and country. This continuity was created accidentally and can disappear by accident. Already in a few places the original road on which America moved west is buried under interstates or has been abandoned, reduced to strips of rubble and weeds. There is nothing wicked about this, roads being utilitarian creations, but if the process continues the continuity of the great pathway will soon be lost. That would be a pity.

If historical points and scenic sanctuaries are worth retaining, so, too, is this interesting and instructive roadway. Setting aside hundreds of miles of Route 40 as a long and narrow historical preserve to be administered by a public-works agency is hardly practical or desirable. One of the pleasures of The Road has been the diversity of its styles, people and happenings. Official shrine status would preserve the physical artifacts but not the vitality. Well intended as they might be, mile after mile of park rangers, antiquarians and architectural committees would be too much.

There is an alternative, however. We could use the complex of old highways as a basis for something quite new. We could create a National Slow-Way as a balance against our innumerable Speedways. The Road could be set aside for recreational and contemplative travel, given over to leisurely motorists, cyclists, pedestrians, the occasional horse and

buggy, to anyone inclined to mosey.

It should not be difficult, complex or expensive to establish such a Slow-Way. With the exception of a few minor breaks, which could be bridged by re-routing, The Road now exists. No massive construction or capital investment would be required. The chief and critical innovation would be a regulatory one having to do with speed. One might travel by any means on the Slow-Way so long as the rate was not in excess of, say, 20 miles an hour. In certain sections this restriction might work a hardship on local residents and commercial enterprises. Where this was the case the limit could be raised. But for the most part, the Slow-Way route is paralleled by interstates which would, as they do now, best serve those who need to travel 55 miles in each hour. In the 600 miles between Baltimore and a place like Vandalia, Ill. there are very few miles of the old route where a 20-mph limit would adversely affect the general welfare.

Conversely, there would be many practical benefits to a Slow-Way. The cost of highway maintenance would be lower. Residents living along the highway who work, go to school, drive tractors and keep pets and stock would find the road safer, quieter, cleaner and generally more attractive. A Slow-Way might well revitalize businesses that began to fail once interstates bypassed them. Small-town hotels could be spruced up and made commercially viable by catering to slow-goers. Hostels, campgrounds, restaurants, tap rooms and groceries should flourish. Gas stations would probably do less well but they are not doing very well as it is. To compensate, cycle shops, fixers' outfitting stores, even an occasional lively stable or blacksmith, might find new opportunity along The Road.

The proposal is this. Without a lot of fuss and expense we could have ourselves a very interesting old-new thing, a kind of Peoples' Highway. It would be a memorial to people past who have gone that way, a pleasure way for present people, and a kind of time-space link between the two.

## NEXT WEEK

*Like frontiersman Joe Walker, you can put an ear to the ground and hear the sound of the Pacific.*



## First Skyhawk on the block.

Neighborhood traditionalists will be aghast. Imagine something that small and rakish running around with a Buick nameplate.

Youngsters up and down the street will be agog. (Little kids always seem to respond to shiny things with wheels.)

Friends won't waste much time bugging you for a chance to drive it. You know, to see if what they say about the Buick V-6 engine is true.

You know you'll have to give your folks a guided tour of it. And that you'll have to field some questions about money and what you get for the money and all that.

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In fact, because you bought your Skyhawk now, you ended up with a real value. Thanks to a special Buick offer that lets you get a 5-speed manual transmission or a 3-speed automatic transmission on your Skyhawk at no extra charge. (That offer, by the way, is good only as long as the supply lasts.)

Anyway, you can be pretty sure your mom will ask your dad why they can't open the rear window and fold down the rear seats in their car.

Naturally everyone will have to go out for a spin in the little rascal. With your dad at the wheel. He'll probably get a little philosophical. Remind you of his first really new car. Stuff like that.

Finally, when all the obligations and ceremonies are over, it'll be just you and your new Skyhawk.

Chances are you'll want to make one more pass through the neighborhood. Let your Skyhawk turn a few heads.

Just to remind everyone on the block where they saw it first.



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**F**runk Fuhrer, in repose at his Palm Beach winter home, had returned from a round of golf at exclusive Jupiter Hills and, still in his golf attire, had removed his shoes and stretched out on a sofa when the kitchen telephone rang. Fuhrer, an insurance tycoon, owner of the World Team Tennis champion Pittsburgh Triangles and German to his toes, padded into the kitchen and barked into the telephone, "Fuhrer!" He then listened, clearly not liking what he was hearing. Impressively rugged at 50, Fuhrer possesses chemistry that in the words of one of his aides "makes the back of his neck turn redder than a Bloody Mary when he's angry." Presently he began pacing the kitchen floor in small, fur-

ous figure-eights, punctuating them with an occasional skip and an angry pivot.

WTT President Larry King had telephoned in a plaque, having just been informed by Fuhrer's secretary that her boss would refuse to go along with a deal King had arranged with Bristol-Myers. Apparently, strong words leaped from King's lips. "Say that to my face the next time I see you," Fuhrer roared, "and I'll punch you right in the face!"

Bristol-Myers wanted to borrow Fuhrer's Evonne Googagong for its La Costa Mixed Doubles, which conflicted with a Pittsburgh-Boston match, and had asked each team to reschedule its date. Boston had accepted, but Fuhrer, when informed of the plan, had declared, "The





integrity of our schedule is at stake! How can people take Team Tennis seriously if we rearrange our schedule?"

So it goes with Frank Fuhrer as he raises hackles on all sides while striving to bring respectability and solvency to the three-year-old league. He strongly takes issue with King's presidency—that is, commissionership—because of King's ownership of the Golden Gate franchise and his marriage to New York Sets star Billie Jean.

Vitas Gerulaitis, the Triangles' No. 1 male player, calls Fuhrer "fair, generous and the most competent owner in the league" and in the same breath, "the most obnoxious owner in sports." In the latter role Fuhrer has, among other

things, reduced at least a handful of women players to tears.

Striving to evaluate the league's future with detachment, Fuhrer entered the 1976 season saying, "This year will tell. We've got the superstars. I now give us a 50-50 chance for survival." (As it has turned out, his cautious optimism was swiftly replaced by horror as Goolagong, stricken with tendinitis in her left foot, missed five matches and the Triangles plunged into the cellar.) Determined to beef up the league with box-office attractions even though they would probably dole out his champion Triangles, Fuhrer in November orchestrated the signing of Chris Evert to a Phoenix contract by bringing Evert's agent and Phoenix club-owner Jim Walker to his Palm Beach house and, rumor has it, personally guaranteeing Evert's contract. "No comment," says Fuhrer of that story, which, if a fact, is tantamount to Walter O'Malley guaranteeing Pete Rose's salary.

When World Team Tennis came off the drawing board in 1973, the brainchild of a Pittsburgh newspaper-broadcasting syndicator named Chuck Reichblum, the International Lawn Tennis Federation bitterly opposed the intruder, threatening to expel anyone who chose to sign a WTT contract. Billie Jean King nonetheless signed with Philadelphia and John Newcombe with Houston, but neither player represented a true breakthrough into the ranks of the stars because both were mavericks and Billie Jean's husband had a piece of Team Tennis as an owner. Nor did their signings demonstrate that Team Tennis had sufficient money to lure additional expensive players. To land Billie Jean and Newcombe, owners around the league quietly had chipped in, but left to their own resources, they dawdled.

To break the logjam, Fuhrer, along with Reichblum and a third Triangle stockholder, William Sutton, pursued Goolagong to a Toronto hotel to confront her longtime guardian and coach, Vic Edwards, a silver-haired, mustachioed, English-born Australian looking for all the world like a regimental colonel about to order Gunga Din to blow his bugle. Clutching a million-dollar proposal, they were told by Edwards, "There is absolutely no way Evonne will play Team Tennis, but because I am a gentleman I shall give you 30 minutes."

For Fuhrer, who in 10 years had built

a credit-insurance business from the ground up to the point where it will gross roughly \$20 million in premiums this year, 30 minutes was all he needed. He promptly melted Edwards' resistance by offering him a job as the Triangles' director of player personnel and, having walked off with both Evonne and her guardian, flew with Reichblum to Sydney, where he suffered ingesting tortures signing Ken Rosewall as the Triangles' player-coach. "I ate so many lambburgers I thought, 'If I don't get out of here I'll go crazy.' I think they make them out of lumb and sawdust." With that, Fuhrer briskly nods his head once and says, "Hmmp!"—a reflex he executes with such authority that the listener almost comes to attention and salutes.

By signing Rosewall and Goolagong, both prestigious players reared in loyalty to the Establishment, the Triangles had exposed the ILTF as powerless. Fuhrer, enlarging his sizable holding in the Triangles to a controlling interest as Team Tennis' first season began, delegated himself to see to it that his players delivered. He says that before he became involved with the Triangles he had witnessed only one tennis match in his entire life: Jack Kramer vs. Pancho Gonzalez in the 1940s. He also says he has never played the game. ("True, but only in a literal sense," a Fuhrerophile points out. "He played once, against his wife, but she was whipping him, so he threw down his racket and stormed off the court.") He knew nothing of tennis players and promptly proved it by calling his team of six together for an opening-night Vince Lombardi pep talk. "Their mouths dropped open," says Reichblum. "You have to realize that these were athletes who had not grown up on *Evonne*. Frank was pounding his fist into his hand and telling them that winning is the only thing. This kind of speech was completely foreign to these people, especially the non-Americans."

To say that Fuhrer subscribes to the Lombardi ethic is to say that Chase Manhattan subscribes to capitalism. A golfer capable of playing in the low 70s, he dives long off the tee, then jogs to his ball. At the 15th or 16th tee, when others his age may be faltering, he drops to the grass and does push-ups. In addition, whether the temperature be 35° or 100°, he wears a woolen pullover, convinced that unvarying golf clothing has condi-

*continued*

## NOT NEARLY AS SWEET AS HE LOOKS

Meet Frank Fuhrer of the WTT Pittsburgh Triangles: "the most obnoxious owner in sports," says one star performer on his team  
by MYRON COPE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ENRICO FERRELLI



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### FUHRER *continued*

tailed his body to maintain a constant temperature that precludes his experiencing either cold or warmth. Of course, he neither drinks nor smokes and insists he has never swallowed a pill in his life. At Allegheny College, where he played practically every sport except tennis, he earned 13 letters, all the while harboring such a hatred of defeat that last season, as his Triangles battled through the regular schedule to first place and then won the playoffs, he literally sealed himself off from the possibility that he might be exposed to the sight of a lost match. He refused to watch his team play.

Oh, from time to time he would pop out of an arena's recesses for a peek, but even on the final night of the Triangles' deadlocked best-of-three championship series with the Golden Gateers of San Francisco-Oakland, Fuhner spent the evening across the street at a hotel bar, sipping Pepsi until his secretary phoned to say that Geraldine needed only a few more points to give the Triangles the championship. Left it seem eccentric that an owner forbid himself to gaze upon athletes to whom he is paying huge sums, Fuhner furnishes a simple explanation: "I can't stand to lose."

In his first season Fuhner had not yet hit upon the benefits of self-exile, which proved to be unlucky for one of his players, Carole Graebner. On an evening when Graebner found it was all she could do to meet the ball with her racket strings, Fuhner conspicuously occupied a front-row seat, throwing back his head, shutting his eyes and flapping his hands in derision at every point she blew. At the intermission of the match, his No. 2 male player, Gerald Buttrick of England, charged him, screaming, "How could you do that to the poor girl?"

"I'll do what I damn well please!" roared Fuhner, while spectators gaped and the poor girl slumped on the bench, weeping.

Unforgiving, Fuhner sent Graebner packing and at season's end traded Buttrick, his outcast having been his second major offense. Earlier, he had borrowed Fuhner's golf clubs and lost a sand wedge that, snarls Fuhner, "had won me a lot of money." When Buttrick later inquired if he would be retained next season, Fuhner replied, "No. No. 1, I don't think you can help us, and No. 2, since I plan on being back, you can be damned sure you won't be."

One night during a Fuhner postmatch chowdown, his three women players silently picked up their gear and, tears rolling down their cheeks, paraded from the dressing rooms. Though momentarily taken aback, he resumed his lecture on the importance of winning, whereupon his male players headed out the door. Now only Coach Rosewall and Director of Player Personnel Edwards remained.

"I can't understand tennis players," Fuhner wailed. "They don't care."

With that, Edwards left, telling Fuhner he was resigning and would pull out the entire team in the morning. To Rosewall, Fuhner barked, "I'll see them in court!" The normally placid Rosewall admonished him to cease expecting tennis players to win every match and then himself walked out on the owner.

As matters turned out, nobody quit, but Fuhner swore that he would never again enter the dressing room—and didn't until the night last August when he hauled from the hotel bar to join his team in celebrating a championship. Later that night, he threw a party for his players at a suitably distinguished restaurant, earlier having let it be known to the *maître d'* that there would be a party win or lose, except that if the Triangles lost, their owner would not attend.

Late in the 1975 season, accompanying the team to an important homestretch road match against the Sets, Fuhner as usual refrained from watching it, instead settling down in a back room of the Nassau Coliseum to watch a baseball game on television. Eventually informed that the Triangles had been manhandled, he wordlessly climbed into the front seat of a limousine bearing the team to La Guardia Airport for the flight home. Nobody spoke as the limousine proceeded through the night. Suddenly, from the rear, the gentle Aussie voice of Evonne Coadjagong was heard to sing, "Row, row, row your boat..."

Another voice and then another joined in. Soon the entire squad was singing in three-part harmony. First, "Row, row, row, row your boat," then, "Hang down your head, Tom Dooley," and finally "99 bottles of beer on the wall." Up front, seated between Fuhner and the driver, General Manager Dan McGibbeny Jr. saw that not only had the back of Fuhner's neck turned Bloody Mary red but also that the knuckles of his fingers, pressed upon the dashboard, had turned milk-

*continued*

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white. Says McGibbeny, "The team knew Frank was boiling, but singing was their way of keeping from getting down in the dumps and going into a losing streak. Still, it was frightening. Frank did not utter a word, but I was looking for him to climb over the seat at any moment and start throwing punches."

At last, the limousine arrived at La Guardia. McGibbeny and the others climbed out. Fuhrrer remained frozen to his seat. "Kennedy?" he snapped at the driver and, leaving his athletes dumbstruck on the curb, roared off to find a flight home that would not compel him to share their company.

Charlie Finley. Certainly. By now, you surely have remarked upon Frank Fuhrrer's resemblance to the owner of the Oakland Athletics—both of them self-made millionaires in insurance, both autocratic and headstrong, both owners of championship teams. The analogy, however, does not sit comfortably with Fuhrrer. Pointing out that he regards Finley as an obviously capable sports executive and an innovator of great value to baseball, Fuhrrer nonetheless appends the reservation that if it is true that Finley treats his athletes as objects and welshed on his contract with Catfish Hunter, then one should not label Frank Fuhrrer a Charlie Finley.

Still, the resemblance persists in Fuhrrer's conviction that he has every right to hand his coach the lineup and advise his players of their shortcomings. "I don't know a tennis ball from a pile of manure," he says, "but I know how to keep people organized, motivated and disciplined. Hmmp?" Fufled by his opinion of himself, Fuhrrer early last season combated a Triangles slump by issuing orders that caused Vic Edwards' mustache to bristle.

Edwards had succeeded Rosewall as coach, Rosewall having decided after one season to lighten his tennis travels and Fuhrrer having turned to Goolagong's guardian in order to make certain Evonne did not exercise an option to cancel her contract. "We were on a road trip," recalls McGibbeny, "and we got creamed in San Francisco. Then Hawaii walloped us two nights in a row. I rank said, 'We're better than this,' and he got out the records." Seeing that Gerulaitis and Mark Cox consistently had won when paired in doubles, he ordered Edwards to cease coupling Kim Warwick

with one or the other and never mind Edwards' emphasis on resting either—and, furthermore, to see to it that Evonne played singles on every program. "We ran off nine straight wins," says McGibbeny, "and, from Hawaii on, went 31 and 4." Along the way Edwards nonetheless grumbled, firing off complaining memos to Fuhrrer. "He wrote me so damned many memos," snaps Fuhrrer, "that I had to employ two girls just to stack 'em up." Worse, Gerulaitis had threatened to leave the team, claiming that Edwards' personal secretary had struck him on the back with a thrown water glass.

But a solution was at hand. To Edwards' great distaste, Evonne had fallen in love and in mid-June married English businessman Roger Cawley, a breach that was confirmed when Edwards failed to attend the wedding. "I got unexpected assistance from Cupid," trumpets Fuhrrer. "I didn't need Edwards' hot air anymore." Edwards' capacity for inflaming Fuhrrer was soon to be replaced by Cawley's, Evonne's husband refusing to allow Fuhrrer to dispatch his wife around town for promotional appearances. But in the meantime, Fuhrrer had rid himself of Edwards, firing him two weeks after the Triangles won the championship. "His wife telephoned me," Fuhrrer remembers, grinning, "and called me the lowest form of humanity."

This year Fuhrrer elevated Mark Cox, 32 and mature for his years, to player-coach after brushing aside a stipulation Cox introduced into negotiations. "You must agree not to interfere," said Cox.

"I'll interfere any time I damn well please," replied Fuhrrer.

He has, and in fact determined at the outset of the season to apply personal pressure to the 21-year-old Gerulaitis to achieve greatness. Like Fuhrrer, Gerulaitis neither drinks nor smokes. He does drive a Rolls-Royce Corniche and on his last birthday ordered the public-address announcer at the Civic Arena to invite the crowd of 10,858 to proceed from the match to his birthday party. "He'd taken the top floor of a hotel," says McGibbeny. "They came all night, in waves. I've seen some heavy damage at parties, but this was the first one I ever attended where they broke a bathtub." To which Fuhrrer adds, "Vitas is going to have to give up the fast life and five tennis 24 hours a day. I've told him to get some sleep. I've told him, 'I'm liable to have

to stick a \$1,000 fine on you, and if you find a broad who's worth that much, tell me, and I'll go along with you.'" Neither that nor Gerulaitis' attainment of greatness has occurred. As the first half of the season ended Cox's coaching job looked shaky, the club remained at the bottom of the Eastern Division standings, crowds had fallen off sharply and a banner hung by Pittsburgh fans proclaimed FRANK FUHRER'S MIND BELONGS ON THE DISABLED LIST.

While clinging to the hope that Team Tennis will become a profitable enterprise, Fuhrrer writes off his tennis losses against the profits of his Frank B. Fuhrrer holdings. Even so, he says he has suffered a net loss after taxes of more than half a million. Characteristically candid, he pinpoints his obstinate determination. "I'm engulfed in an ego trip with the rest of the idiots who own clubs," he says. He confesses to having been astonished by two obstacles that professional sports ownership has revealed to him. "The total greed of the players and the general cheapness of the sporting public. The public wants you to provide the greatest stars in the world but wants a free ticket to the matches and thinks it's doing you a favor by showing up. All the players care about is getting as much as they can and skipping as many matches as they can. I've never had a player come up to me and say, 'Frank, what can I do for you?' It's always, 'How much more you gonna do for me?'"

Why, then, continue in the role of their meal ticket? "Oh, I like them very much as people," Fuhrrer replies. Contradictory? Well, somehow he does like them. On impulse he has lavished expensive jewelry upon Rosewall and Goolagong, and though World Team Tennis does not award championship rings, Fuhrrer purchased fancy rings for the Triangles lest they feel inferior when crossing paths with Pittsburgh Steelers.

"If the league folds," says Fuhrrer, "I'll feel that I knew the risks, and I'll take my whipping like a man. I'll have my pretty green Triangle blazer and my championship ring to show for the million I lost." He remembers Bud Collins, the tennis commentator, remarking upon the attractiveness of his blazer. "I told Collins, 'Yep, we're going in with cashmere, but we might go out in burlap.'" Fuhrrer somehow seems to deserve better. Hmmp?

END

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A developing mecca of college baseball is Eastern Michigan University in Ypsilanti, a town principally known heretofore by the ditty, "When love is cold, do not despair, try Ypsilanti Underwear." The underwear company has long since gone out of business but Eastern Michigan is just getting started, having dashed in out of the cold of oblivion last week.

There was a dash of despair, too, after EMU spent nine days trying to prove it was the best team in college baseball. In the end, it proved it was the second best, losing in the finals of the College World Series in Omaha to Arizona 7-1. But everyone expects schools in Arizona, Southern California, Texas and Florida to play first-rate baseball; nobody expects much from Eastern Michigan, largely because spring weather up there is the kind that makes baseball coaches put guns to their heads.

But weather didn't keep EMU from serving adequate notice on those hot-shots from milder climes that guys in the frigid zone know which end of the bat to hold. Even if it has been a decade since a northern team (Ohio State) won the college championship. Among those convinced by the Eastern Michigan performance was Arizona State, a team thought to be so good (the Sun Devils broke 12 NCAA season records this year, most of them their own) that players on other teams were somewhat in awe. But EMU upset State to hand the Sun Devils their first loss in the double elimination tournament, thus playing a key role in seeing to it that when time came for the Saturday night finals, ASU was back home looking at desert cacti instead of in Omaha looking at rising fastballs.

How did Eastern Michigan, which labors in the very long and dark shadow of the University of Michigan in next-door Ann Arbor, get so good? Meet Ron Oestrike, its rotund coach, who looks as though he is hiding three bases and a chest protector inside his jersey. But under his green and white cap he is hiding an all-conference mind. EMU doesn't have enough money for a hip-time baseball program, which makes it incumbent upon Oestrike to dream up financial schemes. In the mid-60s, for example, he convinced his players that collecting bottles and turning them in for two cents each would be fun. The plan earned \$500 and the players used it to make their first spring trip to Florida, where they were

## Hello, Ypsilanti, goodbye

**Could Eastern Michigan, a small school in the long-john latitudes, find happiness in the College World Series? Yes, but Arizona found a bit more**

surprised to learn that earmuffs were not standard baseball apparel.

But Oestrike knew you don't get to the NCAA finals on bottle returns. Other projects ensued. Last year, Oestrike got the beer concession at a rock concert at the university. "I'm a country boy from I Hat Rock," he says. "I didn't even know what a rock concert was, I'm still not sure I do." What he does know is that with the aid of booster club members the players sold enough kegs of beer to net the school's baseball program a total of around \$13,000. That money was spent on a trip this spring to California, where EMU beat Arizona State in a tournament. At the time that seemed a bit like an all-star football team from the Pop Warner League defeating Notre Dame.

After all, Arizona State was king of the baseball mountain this year, with 13 of its players drafted by the pros, including three who weren't even good enough to make the team that traveled to Omaha. Jim Brock, the ASU coach, modestly conceded, "We're a pretty good team that has had some success."

Indeed, most people were lulled into the belief that Arizona and Arizona State were it and the other six teams came for the ride. Lou Spry, the NCAA controller, tried to spice things up by saying, "The day of a turkey being in this tournament is gone." Maybe, but there still was a distinct sound of gohling in the air during some of the early play. Oklahoma was not O.K., it played poorly and left early; so did Auburn, Clemson and

*Richmond*



OUTFIELDER DAVE STEGMAN SWUNG A BIG BAT ALL WEEK FOR CHAMPION ARIZONA

Washington State. Spunky Maine made it to the top four before waving its good-bys, leaving only Arizona and ASU. Oh yes, and Eastern Michigan.

The tournament's early drama (and as it turned out, its best game) came in an Arizona-ASU confrontation, arranged by the NCAA to prevent the two clubs from the same conference from meeting in the finals. The schools had played six games this year, and ASU had won them all. Arizona's star outfielder, Dave Stegman, moped, "I'd say our frustration quotient is getting rather high." With two out, two strikes on the ASU batter and a three-run lead in the ninth, Arizona was in what might be called a generally favorable position to win—at last. At which time the Wildcats collapsed, losing 7-6 in 10 innings.

So Arizona State was rolling on toward the title with an I-told-you-so air until in midweek it met sneaky EMU. ASU ace Floyd Bannister (19-1 for the season and considered college baseball's best pitcher) threw well, if a shade off his past form, giving up only two runs. Unfortunately for him, Eastern Michigan's Bob Owchinko allowed only one run and the Sun Devils' victory express was derailed, but only temporarily, its fans believed.

Ah, but then Arizona, which had played splendidly and fought its way back up through the loser's bracket, drew ASU in the semifinals. By now State was highly amused by this game of shooting Arizona fish in a barrel. What State hadn't counted on was Arizona's Ken Bolek, who in the first game had gone 0 for 5, struck out twice and hurt himself trying to field a ball. Worse, in seven at bats in the tournament he had no hits. But in the second inning Bolek blasted a two-run homer to give his Wildcats a 2-0 lead; and Oakland Pitcher (and designated hitter) Steve Powers threw smartly if not as hard as usual; and Stegman was, as usual, doing everything. ASU never challenged and lost 5-1.

ASU's Brock, having been whipped by both of the finalists, predicted, "Arizona will win going away." Believers from Ypsilanti pointed at Brock and snickered. They snickered too quick.

In each of the first two innings of the final, an Eastern Michigan base runner was picked off first. In the third, Arizona's Ron Hassey singled past Shortstop Glenn Gulliver, who fell down, and a run scored. Then came the fourth inning and

four more runs for Arizona. Pete Van Horne, who got 13 hits in the series to break Sal Bando's 11-year-old record, singled, and Powers homered. Two more runs scored on a Stegman double before Owchinko, in for starting Pitcher Bob Welch, got the side out.

Powers later singled in another run and Stegman tripled home a seventh. Eastern Michigan batsmen were baffled by Pitcher Bob Chaulk, who recorded his third tournament win. Chaulk said his coach, Jerry Kindall, told him one thing before the game: "You're startin'." EMU's only run was Gulliver's homer in the ninth, a bittersweet reminder of one he hit in the victory over ASU earlier in the week.

It is probably true that Arizona State was really this year's best team and Arizona really next best. But Eastern Michigan messed all that up, partly because it felt it fit in there somewhere and partly because its team members abide by Oestrike's dictum: "You do it my way or hit the highway." EMU got into the World Series in 1975 for the first time, but seemed slightly awed by the company it was keeping; 1976 found it unawed. So while Arizona savors its first national championship and ASU awaits another try (the Devils won their last title in 1969), both would do well to keep a wary eye on the Ypsilanti crowd.

What is Oestrike planning for his next money-raising project? "What I hope to do," he says, "is turn our fieldhouse into a Las Vegas-style casino for one night." You can bet your shirt, or underwear, that he'll clean up.

## THE WEEK

June 18-21  
by HERMAN WEISKOPF

**AL WEST** Amid the confusion over the sale of Rollie Fingers and Joe Rudi to the Red Sox and Vida Blue to the Yankees (page 22), the game went on, and Oakland (3-3) was cheered by its new act, Abbott and Landblad. Although the A's knew who was on first, they did not know who was going to pitch for them on Tuesday because of the impending sale of Blue. So, shortly before game time, Pitching Coach Wes Stock said to Glenn Abbott, "Surprise. You're starting tonight." It turned out to be a pleasant surprise, for Abbott, who had not been on the mound in

nearly a month, allowed the Red Sox just two hits and two runs in eight innings. Abbott was then replaced by Paul Lindblad, who became a 3-2 winner when Gene Tenace, Oakland's man on first, hit his second homer of the night and sixth in seven games in the bottom of the ninth. Four days later the two pitchers went into their routine again, Abbott being credited with his first win and Lindblad with his first save as Oakland muscled past Milwaukee 7-4.

With Shortstop Fred Patek, Second Baseman Frank White and Pitchers Steve Busby and Doug Bird all hurt, the Royals (4-2) had to make do. Did they ever. They pounded out 24 hits in a 21-7 drubbing of Detroit. Leading the assault were Dave Nelson, who took over at second base and had four RBIs; Amos Otis, who drove in five runs; George Brett, the regular third baseman, who moved over to short and rapped out four hits; and Tom Poquette, who had five hits and scored five times.

Minnesota came up with two wins in seven tries—barely. Leading the Tigers 4-0 in the top of the sixth, Dave Goltz was tagged for a single, double, two triples, a homer and four runs. After those runs poured across, the rain poured down while the Twins batted in the sixth. It rained so hard that the game was called, the score reverting to the last full inning, the fifth. That washed away Detroit's four runs and made Goltz a 4-0 winner.

Rich Gossage of Chicago (0-7) was a sore loser, being hit on both legs by batted balls as the Yankees beat him 4-3.

Bert Blyleven, who was supposed to give the Texas pitching staff a lift, lost 9-4 to Cleveland, his third defeat without a win since being obtained from Minnesota. Those were the only losses for the Rangers (2-4) in 11 games before they dropped the next three to the Orioles. Gaylord Perry stopped the Indians 3-2 and moved past Bob Feller and Warren Spahn into sixth place on the all-time strikeout list by fanning six and raising his total to 2,586.

Nolan Ryan was glad to have his rhythm back. Gary Ross was happy that his sinkerball sank and the Angels (4-3) were further delighted by the folding of Ron Jackson and the slugging of Bob Jones. Those four combined to snap some bad streaks. With his pitching rhythm restored, Ryan was as steady as a metronome while muffling the Brewers 1-0 on two hits. Ross also tossed a two-hitter, downing Milwaukee 2-0 as he got 18 outs on grounders, three of them on scintillating plays by Jackson, the team's new third baseman. For Ross it was his first complete game in 28 starts since 1968. Jones, who took over in center field last week, wallowed a pair of home runs, the first by an Angel at Anaheim in five weeks. Those drives aided Ryan, who, still rhythmic, came back to strike out 15 and halt Boston 5-3.

*continued*

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**PIRELLI**

KC 30-21 TEX 30-28 WINN 58-31  
OAK 30-33 CHI 27-31 CAL 32-28

## AL EAST

The Orioles' Jim Palmer ended a nine-game Baltimore losing streak with his first win in 17 days, a five-hit, 4-0 shutout of Chicago. After that came a whopping 10-player deal with New York. Yankee Pitchers Dave Pagan, Rudy May, Tippy Martinez and Scott McGregor and Catcher Rick Dempsey for Oriole Pitchers Ken Holtzman, Doyle Alexander, Grant Jackson and Jim Freeman and Catcher Elrod Hendricks. With all the uniform changes taken care of, the Orioles (5-1) continued winning. Mike Cuellar beat Chicago 10-2 in his first complete game of the season. Reliever Pagan saved a 4-1 win over Texas and May handled the Rangers 9-4. Next the Orioles rallied to topple the Rangers 8-4, Palmer winning again and striking out 11. The Orioles, who had just 31 homers in their first 54 games, exploded for a dozen, Lee May hitting four and taking the league lead with 13. Outfielder Ken Singleton took over as the team's designated hitter—and explained how he utilized his new free time: "I had a diet drink, a few Doritos, watched the game on TV and read *Playhouse*."

For New York (5-1) the traded Jackson earned a 3-2, 14-inning win over Chicago in relief and Alexander beat the White Sox 6-3 as the Yankees increased their lead to seven games. Thurman Munson had three RBIs in a 4-2 win over the Twins, and Sparky Lyle earned his ninth, 10th and 11th saves.

Strong pitching by Pat Dobson and Jim Kern enabled Cleveland (4-2) to cling to second place. Dobson (8-5) defeated Chicago 8-5 and, after hurting his right eye while pitching in his next game, was bailed out by Kern, who wrapped up a 3-0 verdict over Kansas City with two scoreless innings of relief.

Rick Wise of Boston (4-3) blanked Minnesota 5-0 on one hit, an infield roller that Jerry Terrell narrowly beat out in the third inning. Newcomer Rick Jones, a 6'5" left-hander, stopped the Twins 10-2.

Years ago the strategy of the Boston Braves was immortalized in a saying that went: "Spahn and Sain, then two days of rain." Now that the Brewers also rely largely on a two-man staff, Lou Chapman of the Milwaukee *Sentinel* has composed a new refrain: "Travers and Staton, then two days of rain." Bill Travers befuddled California 9-0 on three hits and Jim Staton held off Oakland 5-4 during the Brewers' 4-3 week. That gave both pitchers 8-3 records, two-thirds of the team's 24 wins. And Travers had a 1.59 ERA, lowest in the league.

Detroit (2-5) was helped by two rookies. First baseman Jason Thompson slammed three homers, two of them as Mark Fidrych (5-1) beat the Royals 4-3.

NY 36-22 GLEY 30-29 BAL 38-31  
BOS 38-36 DET 38-33 MIL 34-32

## NL EAST

In a week containing a two-game confrontation that might have been a prelude to a Philadelphia-Cincinnati divisional playoff, Phillies fans were exuberant, as were their newspapers. MAGIC NUMBER STANDS AT 100, said one. Mike Schmidt's home run total stood at 19 when he hit his third of Philadelphia's 4-3 week, and clearly September could not come soon enough for Jim Kaat (6-2). He pitched one inning in two minutes, another in three as he disposed of the Giants 6-1 in a game requiring but an hour and 47 minutes. There was magnificent baseball in the summit series, the Phillies winning the first game 6-5. In a jewel of a fielding play Philie Shortstop Larry Bowa raced deep in the hole toward third base, backhanded a smash by Tony Perez, leaped and threw him out. "If we had been ahead I'd have stood up and clapped," said Pete Rose. Cincinnati took the second game 4-3.

Al Oliver socked his ninth and 10th homers and Jerry Reuss muzzled Houston 2-1, but Pittsburgh (4-0) still trailed Philadelphia by seven games.

After failing to hit higher than .256 in three seasons, Mike Tyson of St. Louis (4-3) planned to become a switch hitter this year. Because spring training was curtailed and because he was injured for almost a month, though, Tyson gave up the idea. Three weeks ago his average was under .200. Then Tyson got going. He has hit .418 so far this month, raised his average to .295 and leads the league in triples with seven. Tyson had three RBIs as the Cardinals outslug the Reds 12-9 and he scored the only run as John Curtis and Bill Greif held off the Padres 1-0.

Spurring, too, was Bill Madlock of Chicago (3-4), last year's batting champion. Madlock hit a grand slam to finish off Atlanta 6-4, batted .478 for the week and brought his average up to .316.

Tom Seaver and Jon Matlack excelled on the mound and Dave Kingman produced in the clutch for New York (5-2). Seaver beat the Giants 4-1 and 3-2, Matlack topped the Dodgers 2-1 and Kingman unloaded his 23rd homer in the 14th to nip Los Angeles 1-0.

Hoping to shake his teammates out of their lethargy, Catcher Barry Foote of Montreal (2-4) shouted it was time the team scored some runs. Sitting dead to wood, Foote then went out and bopped a two-run homer in Don Stanhouse's 3-0 win over San Diego. Stanhouse also defeated the Dodgers 2-1.

PHIL 42-18 PIT 30-38 NY 30-34  
CHI 28-36 STL 28-36 MONT 21-35

## NL WEST

At that nifty Reds-Phillies series, Cincinnati's Dave Concepcion and Bowa of the Phillies—two of the slickest shortstops in the league—were needing each other. After Concepcion

mentioned that he held a substantial lead over his counterpart in the All-Star balloting, Bowa asked, "Is your first name Elmer?" Replied Concepcion, "Why you ask that?" Rejoined Bowa, "I thought it had to be Elmer. Every time I look at the box score it says 'E-Concepcion,' " a reference to the errors Concepcion has made—14 so far. Dave was not amused. In that 4-3 win in the second game of the summit series, he had three hits, stole a base, scored one run, drove in another and robbed Bowa of a single with a fine defensive play. "Elmer's glue," shouted

## PLAYER OF THE WEEK

HENRY AARON: Milwaukee's 42-year-old designated hitter, who had just two homers all season, walked four and increased his career total to 751. Aaron batted .368, had seven RBIs and beat the A's 3-2 with a home run in the ninth.

Concepcion. "That's me." Like the Phillies, the Reds were 4-3 for the week, and they hit nine homers, including the 12th, 13th and 14th by George Foster.

Maury Mota of Los Angeles (3-3) played left field when the team needed outfield help. Though he is no gold glove, Mota made a sliding catch to help save a 4-1 win over the Mets and threw out the potential tying run at the plate as the Dodgers squirmed past the Expos 6-5. Los Angeles also got a boost when Tommy John pitched his first complete game since coming down with arm trouble in June, 1974, beating Montreal 6-3.

Just when the Phillies offense was beginning to look unstoppable—it had generated 50 runs in seven games—it was halted at least temporarily. Randy Jones of the Padres, who had handed the Phillies their only shutout of the season, silenced them again, 5-0, for his 12th win. Despite a subsequent 7-4 loss to St. Louis, Jones extended his string of innings without a walk to 61, seven short of Christy Mathewson's league record.

Fifth-place Atlanta (4-3) has hardly lived up to its clubhouse boast—"Through this door passes the finest team in baseball"—but there were signs of life. Andy Messersmith improved his record to 6-5 as he beat St. Louis 5-2 and Chicago 9-3. And Rowland Office lengthened his hitting streak to 24 games.

Although outitting Pittsburgh 14-6, the Astros lost 6-3. Things were going so badly for Houston (0-4) that they even got rained out at the Astrodome when adjacent roads became so flooded that a game had to be postponed. San Francisco (1-6) ended its seven-game losing skid when Jim Barr beat New York 5-0.

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We've got people talking

The West remains the land of opportunity. Entering the \$250,000 Gold Cup at Hollywood Park last Sunday afternoon, Jockey Marco Castaneda was on a 41-race losing streak. Pay Tribute, the horse he was riding against millionaires Dahlia and Foolish Pleasure, as well as California hero Ancient Title and the 1975 Belmont Stakes winner, Avatar, was the longest price on the tote board at 14 to 1, and Pay Tribute had won less money (\$116,000) and fewer races than any of his seven opponents. Furthermore, the instructions to Castaneda from Trainer Ron McAnally were to let somebody—anybody—take the lead at the start. Naturally, when the gate opened, the first horse visible was Pay Tribute.

But Castaneda took his chestnut colt back to third as Our Talisman went to the front with Dahlia, racing's Auntie Mame, stalking not far behind. At the head of the stretch Pay Tribute sprang to the lead and drew out to win by 3½ lengths over Avatar and Riot in Paris. Dahlia, Foolish Pleasure and Ancient Title, winners of 40 stakes and \$3.5 million between them, finished fourth, fifth and sixth. But handicap racing is that way. It is tough, confusing and, yes, quite upsetting at times.

Three thousand miles away and three hours earlier another thoroughbred superstar, Royal Gint, was charging toward the half-mile pole at Suffolk Downs in Boston, bent on winning the \$100,000 Massachusetts Handicap, which would put him in the millionaire category, too. Suddenly, blood vessels burst in his head and the gelding collapsed in a heap as the field wheeled around him. Jockey Jorge Tejera, who hit the fence going down, and whose silks and riding pants were streaked with blood when he stood up, unhurt, was sure his mount had suffered a heart attack. But after a few moments Royal Gint got to his feet and walked to his barn. He should recover from his gigantic nosebleed in a few days and be ready to race in two to four weeks. Dancing Champ, a 9-to-1 shot, won the race.

This was to be a summer of fierce matchups, and it still could be, though this was hardly the way to draw first blood. Jimmy Kahoe, the director of racing at Hollywood Park and Santa Anita, had said early in the week, "I can't recall a recent season when there were as

## All that glitters is not gold

**East and West, the handicap stars were dimmed and soundly drubbed**

many excellent horses around. Right now there are nine or 10, whereas most years we are lucky to have two or three. One reason is that there are some really fine geldings in training—Forego, Ancient Title and Royal Gint. Also, the winners of the 1975 Triple Crown events—Foolish Pleasure, Master Derby and Avatar—are still running. Dahlia is going strong again. There are others, such as Riot in Paris and Hatcher Man."

At the end of 1975 it seemed that this would be a woeful handicap season. Forego, twice Horse of the Year, was sent to the farm, laid low by infirmities that have dogged him during his career. Wajima, the late developer among last season's 3-year-olds, was retired to stud; and Foolish Pleasure was to be syndicated. But Forego recovered and Foolish Pleasure is apparently being given a chance to spruce up his racing record so that Owner John Greer gets the top dollar when the colt is sold for stud.

The surprise of the spring was Master Derby, who started a five-race win streak at the Fair Grounds in January. In his fifth race, the Oaklawn Handicap, he met Royal Gint and beat him by 1½ lengths, receiving three pounds. Three weeks later they took their act to Garden State Park in New Jersey for the Trenton Handicap. This time, competing at equal weights, Royal Gint won by a neck. Those fighting finishes impressed racing fans enough for Muster Derby to go off at 5 to 1 when he was beaten by a very short head by Forego in the Metropolitan Mile on Memorial Day. Royal Gint skipped that event, picking up some easy money at Hazel Park instead.

The *Racing Form* often needs radar to track Royal Gint. Since last Aug. 30 he has raced at Aqueduct, Arlington Park, Belmont, Bowie, Calder, Garden State (twice), Hawthorne (twice), Hazel Park, Hollywood Park, Oaklawn (twice), Santa Anita (twice) and Suffolk Downs. During that time he earned \$637,784 and a commission in the Air Force.

Royal Gint showed his toughness in March when he flew West for the Santa Anita Handicap. On the morning of the race Skip Potter, son of Trainer Gordon Potter, went to visit the gelding in his stall. "He was wearing a cribbing strap," Skip Potter says, "and when I tried to put a muzzle on him, he threw his head back. The cribbing strap [an inch-wide leather collar] dropped down his neck and cut off his air. He lost his equilibrium and fell down. I got right to him and loosened the strap. It scared him and me, but it didn't hurt him." A few hours later Royal Gint bulled his way to the lead and won the race by a nostril over Ancient Title.

While Royal Gint was shooting for the million at Suffolk, Ancient Title was attempting to do the same in the Hollywood Gold Cup. Like Royal Gint—and, in fact, many geldings—Ancient Title has real personality. He drinks beer and often breakfasts on coffee and doughnuts. He has been the most respected California runner of the 1970s, winning 16 stakes. Although the Gold Cup marked the 36th consecutive time Ancient Title had run in a stake, he has had relatively few starts per year—only in 1975 did he have as many as 10.

Last summer Ancient Title traveled East and won the Whitney at Saratoga. He will have to go East again if he wants to take away Forego's Horse-of-the-Year championship; the big son of Fore sits in New York and makes the opposition come to him.

Any racing season in which Forego competes is a vintage one. He is a huge, mighty horse, and this year his record is 3 for 3. Put Forego in a decent stake and 5,000 extra people come through the gates to see him slug it out, the throngs circling the walking ring before the race to watch him parade. Forego is the kind of horse Civil War generals might have imagined themselves riding when they were finally cast in bronze to ornament village squares.

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Commencing July 5, however, weight may come down hard on Forego. That afternoon he will try to take the second leg of the Handicap Triple Crown, the \$100,000 1 1/2-mile Suburban at Aqueduct. In the first leg, the Metropolitan, he carried 130 pounds and just got up to defeat the gritty Master Derby. Two weeks ago Forego lugged 132 while winning the Nassau County Handicap. There could be little doubt about the weight he will have to tote in his saddlebags this summer after being assigned 135 pounds for the Massachusetts Handicap. Trainer Frank Whiteley Jr. took one look and decided to keep his champion in the barn. Only two horses have won the Massachusetts under as much as 130 pounds—Seabiscuit in 1937 and Whirlaway in 1942.

Handicap racing is contentious at its best, and fans debate as heatedly about weights as suffering trainers like Whiteley. It is the racing secretary at the track who decides what imposes the starters carry. His aim is to have all entries

arrive at the finish at the same instant.

The rule of thumb is that a pound difference in a mile-and-a-quarter race should separate two dead-even horses by a length. The closest any racing secretary has come to designing the perfect handicap was the triple dead-heat of Brownie (115 pounds), Bossuet (127 pounds) and Wait A Bit (118 pounds) in the 1944 running of the Carter at the old Aqueduct course. For years that photo finish has decorated American bars.

Racing enthusiasts squabble over how much weight a horse can carry and still win. Discovery took the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap at Saratoga with 139 pounds in 1935. Kelso, five times Horse of the Year, started in 63 races and in 24 was forced to shoulder 130 pounds or more. He won 12 of those. Tom Fool finished first in all 10 of his races in 1953, four times with weights ranging from 130 to 136. Man o' War won eight of nine with 130 or more. Exterminator was a great weight carrier who went to the post 99 times and won 49. In the 35 events in

which he carried 130 or over he lost just 15 times. Once he was asked to carry 140 pounds and finished sixth.

Whether this year's handicappers are as sturdy as those in the past remains to be seen. But if they fulfill their promise they could give new vigor and luster to a sport that has suffered in recent years from the quick entrances and exits of champions.

After the Gold Cup the owner of Pay Tribute, Max Gluck, said, "With that lineup of starters I thought whoever won the Gold Cup would have to be a fine horse, but I didn't think he would be mine." Yet in early June, Pay Tribute had narrowly lost to Root in Paris and late in May he had been beaten in a photo by Ancient Title in the \$100,000 Californian. "He is a horse who has been developing slowly," Trainer McAnally said. Gluck was plainly looking to the future. "There are a lot of big handicap races in the East in the fall," he said. "And the division, already strong, grew just a little bit stronger today." **END**

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## Almost all in the family

**When Olympic Coach Jackie Simes chose the pursuit team, Innsbruck champion Sheila Young saw him tap both her brother and her fiancé**

At the Pan-Am Games I lost my cool and threw a shoe at Therrio," recalls Jackie Simes, coach of the U.S. Olympic track cyclists. "Later I apologized, and from then on, everything clicked." That was in Mexico City last October, when Simes was trying to mold his four pursuit racers into a winning team. Finally, Ralph (Crazy Horse) Therrio did stop going off by himself, and the team got it all together: Paul Deem, Therrio, Ronald Skarin and Roger Young went out to win a gold medal and Steve Woznick took another in the sprint. Woznick has since retired, but the members of the pursuit team gathered in Allentown, Pa. last month to train, and last week they competed in the Olympic Trials at Northbrook, Ill. There, racing against the clock, they faced real challenges from Joe Saunders and Jim Ochowicz, the latter Young's future brother-in-law and a veteran pursuer from the 1972 Games.

In the 4,000-meter team pursuit, two teams of four riders racing in close single file compete on opposite sides of a banked oval track. After each half lap of 150 meters or so, the leader of a team shoots up the bank and swoops down behind his last man. This way everybody takes a turn at the "pull" while the other three rest briefly in his slipstream. Thus a pursuit team needs a steady leadoff man, a sprinter for the finish and preferably a powerhouse who can throw in a double pull, leading for a full lap in the middle of the race without slowing the pace. If one man loves contact, the team is allowed to finish with three, but this does not happen with world-class riders.

The man to set just the right starting pace proved to be Deem, from San Pedro, Calif., the youngest of the four at 18 and the tallest at 6' 1/2". They call him "Dependable Deem." "Last year I noticed he was able to go out for the first pull at almost precisely the same time," says Simes. "Always at around 16.5 sec-

onds. So I put him on the team." The 22-year-old Therrio is called Crazy Horse because he is thoroughly unpredictable. "No way I can do a double pull," he may say before a race, then go ahead and do it, even speeding up the pace. On other days, he may not feel like racing at all. Skarin, 24 and four times national champion with the Southern California pursuit team, can keep any tempo going, and he has enough experience to know a thing or two about tactics. Young, who usually handles the final sprint, is 23 and the younger brother of Sheila Young, who won three medals at the Innsbruck Olympics in speed skating and is one of the top U.S. women cyclists as well. Since Young is from Detroit, he is nicknamed Motown Motor, and he is a rare lightweight in cycling. A few years ago, before he grew a couple of inches to reach 5'9", he was called the Gnat. Now he has more muscles and the tactical knowledge to make them pay off.

It is said of American bike racers that they have the muscles and the guts to pedal at 30 or 40 mph, but a racer also needs to be a master of tactics. In that department Americans have been over-matched, and in the Olympics they have a long history of choking or cracking, "popping the cork," as they say. But Roger Young is perhaps the most versatile racer the U.S. has developed, and since last winter he has commanded considerable respect on the European racing circuit. He was national sprint champion in 1973, but his finest performance came last March when he raced 160 Belgians and Dutchmen in the 122-kilometer (75-mile) Het Volk race over Belgium's hilly countryside, at times pedaling on cobblestones in a strong freezing wind. He finished second, just 30 seconds behind the winner. "That was an even bigger surprise than Bill Koch's silver medal in the cross-country ski race at Innsbruck," says Simes.

"I used to be a sprinter," Young says.


"I went to the world championships in 1973, but I wasn't fast enough. I went to the worlds the next year, and I wasn't fast enough. At that time I was training by myself, and there was no one to push me to go faster. Now I train a lot for stamina, and I can compete in all kinds of races." Young could have made the Olympic road team, but he opted for the pursuit, and he brings to the event not only speed but an ability to recover quickly in the slipstream. He is also a picture of smoothness and precision when he changes places—his friends in the stands close their eyes when Young comes sweeping down the bank behind the third rider without an inch to spare. "I am always amazed," says rider Larry (Swampdog) Swantzner, "that Roger is still there when I open my eyes."

American cyclists have not won an Olympic medal since the Stockholm Games of 1912, when Carl Schutte and his road team took two bronzes, but in this Olympic year there is a sudden ray of hope. Never before had U.S. cyclists arrived at the Trials so thoroughly prepared, nor had they ever had a coach of Simes' caliber. "He was a winner as a racer," said Paul Therrio, Ralph's uncle, "and he knows how to make winners out of them."

"In the team pursuit," said Simes, "we have never been in the top eight at an Olympics, but it's not unrealistic to think that we can get even into the top four, the semifinals, this time. And once we are there, I know these guys will get up some extra steam."

At Northbrook, Simes had three four-man teams racing, but only six riders had a real chance of making it to the Games. "It is difficult to pick the team," he said, "because they all have become my friends. You just have to be objective and go by the figures." Then Therrio eased the choice with a typical Crazy Horse move. He simply dropped out of his race and out of the winning Pan-Am combination. "I just didn't feel like going on anymore," he said, and vanished.

When it was all over, the Olympic team Simes picked consisted of Deem, Skarin, Young and Ochowicz, with Therrio an alternate. With her brother and future husband safely on, Sheila Young had a happy face behind her hands, and her father, Clair, began to figure out how he was going to get time off to watch yet another of his kids at an Olympics. **END**



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# One last hurrah in Hyannis

So long, ABA. Four teams were swallowed by the NBA and the other two will be scattered to the winds—and the bottom-liners shed not a tear

Anaheim Amigos, Houston Mavericks, Minnesota Muskies, Washington Capitols, Pittsburgh Pipers, Dallas Chaparrals, New Jersey Americans, Denver Rockets, Indiana Pacers, Kentucky Colonels, New Orleans Buccaneers, Oakland Oaks, Miami Floridians, New York Nets, Los Angeles Stars, Minnesota Pipers, Pittsburgh Condors, The Floridians, Carolina Cougars, Virginia Squires, Memphis Pros, Utah Stars, San Diego Conquistadors, Memphis Tams, San Antonio Spurs, San Diego Sails, Memphis Sounds, Denver Nuggets, The Spirits of St. Louis, Baltimore Claws, Utah Rockies. *R.J.F.*

There they all are, together again for the last time. Hartford, Birmingham, Cincinnati and possibly Buffalo were on tap when the American Basketball Association was mercifully put to sleep last week in the Cape Cod Room at Dunfey's Resort, Hyannis, Mass. Mourners in search of appropriately strong potables could find them downstairs in a saloon named The Last Hurrah.

Hurrah, ABA.

Age at death was nine years, four months and 15 days. Survivors are the Pacers, Nuggets, Nets and Spurs. In lieu of flowers, please send certified checks to these parties, as they are required to scrape up \$3.2 million apiece, cash on the barrelhead, by Sept. 15, for the privilege of moving into the NBA. "We did these people a favor," revealed the ever-benevolent Sam Schulman of the Seattle SuperSonics as he strode down the steps from the newly historic Cape Cod Room. Some people call this merger. Some people call it expansion. Some call it madness, some call it love.

The ABA was appropriately intailed; it might as well have been invented by the American Bar Association, inasmuch as its prime function always seemed to have been to keep lawyers knee-deep in money. It is estimated, by estimable official estimators, that the league lost \$40

million, all told. So the ABA could go to its grave smiling, at least it was big-league in red ink. Otherwise, it was bush. Oh, there were a number of great players, great coaches, even a few fine teams, but the ABA was, perforce, always a bush entity, because nobody took it as seriously as it asked to be taken. Not once did it make it in a big market, except as a distant second team in the Long Island suburbs of New York. No wonder the networks wouldn't touch it and most newspapers printed bowling tips or NAS-CAR crashes instead of ABA standings.

The seminal problem with the ABA was that it was created to merge instead of to play. So, no matter how well it played, it wasn't doing what it was supposed to do. Only a few wanted it to stand alone. To the end, John Y. Brown, the Colonels' boss, publicly called his promoter colleagues "dogs in heat" and employed rather more sexually explicit metaphors in league meetings. Brown and Ozzie Silna, the owner of the new Utah club (it was in St. Louis last season), will both be paid around \$3 million each in walkaway money by the four surviving NBA-bound teams. Hurrah.

It is indicative of these times that the four clubs that made it safely into the NBA are all owned by groups of investors, mostly local boosters, rather than by one wealthy individual. The only excuse for the ABA's creation back in the halcyon loose-money days of the mid-'60s was to provide some warm places for the *non-cash* rich to lay off money the IRS wanted. But at Hyannis, the ABA petitioners appeared to be much more subdued civic, sporting types—from Bill Eason of Indiana, who looks like a kindly neighborhood Hoosier druggist, right on up to the Nets' Roy Boe, the Yaleman who wore his Guccis Darien-style, without socks. It is the NBA that now boasts the flashy types, the bottom-liners, including one who found an excuse to whip out his roll of

\$1,000 bills at the bar. Commissioner Larry O'Brien and the owners made it clear that any expansion would be strictly business. Basketball—sports—had no proxy in the Cape Cod Room.

The ABA supplicants came in offering \$4.5 million apiece, with a long-term payout, but they were advised early on that the NBA wanted all long green up front. Then the ABA foursome had to fly in Prentiss Yancey, the handsome black Atlanta lawyer with the magnolia name who is general counsel for the ABA Players Association, and assure him that they would guarantee to fulfill the contractual obligations of all ABA players who do not make the expanded NBA. Also, they agreed to provide the moneys to bring the ABA players into the NBA pension program. Then it was up to the NBA to scrap amongst itself over how to distribute the leftover ABA players, who include such bona fide performers as Artis Gilmore, Moses Malone, Maurice Lucas and Marvin Barnes.

Yancey would accept no deal unless the NBA gave up all pretensions to draft rights in perpetuity (Chicago had drafted Gilmore years ago, for example). Since the Knicks would be letting the Nets into their market area, they required special reparations. They finally agreed on something like \$4 million paid out long-term, but they hoped for the first draft pick as well—*i.e.*, Gilmore. In the end, the Knicks lost, and the time-honored old system of drafting in reverse order of finish was accepted.

As late as 5 or 6 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, June 17 this compromise package, the best available, looked utterly doomed. Then O'Brien, who has been a spectacular sports commissioner, carried the day. A commissioner has certain practical advantages over his owners (or Board of Governors, as the NBA pretentiously prefers). For one thing, most of the Goves have other businesses to attend to. "A commissioner doesn't have to be smarter than the owners," an NBA aide once explained. "All he has to be is like a substitute teacher—stay one day ahead of the class." Also, Thursday was getaway day for the meeting. The Goves all had planes to catch, which meant they didn't have time to be selfish. O'Brien dressed up the rejected plan, virtually unchanged, and gambled that his Goves would play team ball in the closing seconds instead of playing me-first, as usual.

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First, O'Brien tapped the Knicks' articulate Michael Burke for what the commissioner termed "some opening remarks," or what Burke characterized as a "preamble." Burke, more and more resembling an artist's creation of what the Dutch Boy would look like if he lost the job as a paint company symbol and grew to middle age, set the perfect stage for Abe Pollin of Washington, ever the soft-spoken gentleman, most respected by his colleagues. Pollin spelled out yesterday's plan in this morning's language. O'Brien reminded everyone they had planes to catch, and then put it to them—"up or down." Well, since you put it that way, they voted themselves about \$700,000 each by the count of 17 to one. The whole meeting took 44 minutes, and soon everybody rushed for planes, the ABA guys going first, presumably to get to the banks back home before 3 p.m. closing.

Counter-signatures aside, there are many other details, loose-endwise, to be settled. In the new divisional alignment, the Nets and Knicks will surely be placed in the same grouping, but all else depends on whether or not Paul Snyder, the abrasive Buffalo mogul, can spirit the Braves away from the loyal fans of Snowbelvia to something that sounds like a massage parlor—a new arena called the Sportatorium, said to be located in Hollywood, Fla. in the Greater Jai Alai area.

Then there is the dispersal draft. Chicago has first pick and takes Gilmore, and then the next three teams—Atlanta, Kansas City and Detroit—will presumably divvy up the three top forwards, Barnes, Lucas and the adolescent Malone. New Orleans, with seventh pick, is crazy for Malone and might seek to deal up. Portland, which has fifth pick, is being remodeled by its new coach, Jack Rumsay. Would he take a big, experienced guard, Don Chaney, to give his young, exciting team some defense and leadership? If so, the Knicks, next, could end up with Mike Green, a mobile 6' 10" beanstalk who is touted as the sleeper of the lot. Or maybe the Knicks will try again to buy their way in closer to the top of the draft, passing on the Nets' indemnity down payment to indigent Atlanta.

No disposition has been made of ABA Commissioner Dave DeBusschere, his staff, or a number of unemployed red, white and blue basketballs, but, in any event. . .

**Hurrah.**

**END**

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## Smokin' Joe burns out

The second fight between George Foreman and Joe Frazier turned out to be a repeat of the first, with Frazier beaten, and this time for good

Joe Frazier's shaved head looked like an egg, and George Foreman cracked it. That essentially is what happened last week in the Nassau Coliseum in Uniondale, N.Y., where the two former heavyweight champions met in what the promoters, Caesars Palace and Jerry Perenchio, billed as "The Battle of The Gladiators." Newspaper ads pictured Frazier and Foreman in gladiatorial garb, and the TV commercials, which struck a Bicentennial note, were so combat awful—one had Foreman in drag dressed up as Betsy Ross vowing that Frazier would see stars—that skeptics said this was one fight that just had to be better than the buildup. In this in-

stance they were right, even though the paying public turned thumbs down on the bout, for which each combatant was guaranteed \$1 million.

The fight was one-sided, all Foreman's, yet it was a rouser with some surprise twists. After Foreman lost the title in a ridiculously stupid fight against Muhammad Ali in Zaire two years ago, he made a sad joke of himself by taking on five opponents one night in Toronto and then got knocked down by Ron Lyle in Las Vegas last January. But he did get up to beat Lyle, and the way he handled Frazier gives substance to his conviction that he will regain the title.

The first surprise came when Frazier,

to tumultuous cheers, entered the ring and removed his hooded robe, revealing his glistening skull. A few hours earlier while alone in his room, he had shaved it on pure impulse, and he fancied that he looked like a black Kojak. Another surprise was his weight, 224½ pounds, the same as Foreman's and nine pounds heavier than he had ever weighed for a fight. It did not become him. In the glare of the ring lights, he showed flab and age. It was as though Jersey Joe Walcott, who had been introduced to the crowd from the ring, had stayed to substitute.

The final surprise came when the bell rang for Round 1. Frazier was not Smokin' Joe at all, but Retreatin' Joe, a defensive boxer who let Foreman carry the fight to him. "I was surprised," said Foreman later. "I was under the impression Frazier could fight only one way, movin' right at you." Foreman called it a change in strategy while Eddie Futch, Frazier's trainer, termed it "a change in tactics." The idea of the change was twofold: 1) Frazier had to switch rather than fight to avoid a repeat of his disastrous loss of the title to Foreman in Jamaica in 1973, and 2) by becoming an elusive target, Retreatin' Joe would, in theory, induce Foreman to punch himself out as he had in his loss to Ali and thus become prey to a knockout punch as the night ground on.

In a further effort to lure Foreman to thrash about fruitlessly, like Cyclops blindly chasing Odysseus, Frazier sporadically imitated Ali by dropping his hands, grinning (albeit nervously) and dancing. On occasion, he would even taunt Foreman. Caesars Palace pre-fight publicity had promised, "No dance steps. No stalling. No stick and move. No clowning. No time to catch a breath." These promises were a promotional mistake. Vaudeville turns are extremely popular in boxing—the Coliseum crowd relished each two-step, and had fans known Frazier was going to trip the fight fantastic there undoubtedly would have been a sell-out 17,000 instead of the 10,341 who did attend.

Frazier's change in tactics did him little good. Despite Foreman's astonishment at Retreatin' Joe, he took the initial round with solid left jabs and right uppercuts. In Foreman's corner all was calm. Trainer Charlie Shipps gave instructions and then Foreman turned to

continued



FRAZIER GOT UP FROM THIS KNOCKDOWN ONLY TO MEET THE END OF HIS CAREER

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Gill Clancy, who has recently become an adviser, and asked, "What do you think, Gil?" Foreman had the assured air of a board chairman discussing the opening of a new factory in Philadelphia. "That was the best corner work I had in boxing," he said after the fight. "There was respect, I enjoyed that more than anything. The precision, the way the corner people worked."

Round 2 was much like Round 1, but at the end there was a decision in Foreman's corner to change tactics. With Frazier obviously relying on a long night as his ally, Foreman said, "I went to work. I could see it wasn't going to be no easy knockout. I went to the body to do a certain amount of weakening."

Foreman applied himself methodically as Sid Martin, another of his corner men, shouted encouragingly. "Dig him! Dig him!" Frazier felt the body blows. "George's punches, you get caught flush with them," he said. "When he throws them, he throws all 224 pounds at you."

Foreman kept pressing Frazier on the ropes, but toward the close of the third round his punches seemed to be losing a bit of steam.

With the crowd chanting, "Joe, Joe, Joe," Round 4 was Frazier's best, to be generous. Foreman began dropping his guard, and Frazier landed a couple of left hooks to the head. "Keep your right up, George!" Clancy yelled. Foreman's punches were slowing, and the round ended on a hint of hope for Frazier partisans.

The hope proved misplaced in the fifth and final round. Frazier kept retreating to the ropes and, as Futch said, "Joe made one basic mistake all night. He stayed against the ropes too much. Foreman throws too many punches, and it just takes one bomb."

The first bomb was a series of combinations that exploded with Frazier on the ropes. The finishing punch in the sequence was a left hook to the head. Face bloody, eyes glassy, Frazier straightened

up and then, with an odd delayed reaction, tumbled to the ring floor as his legs sprawled in different directions. He lurched up at the count of four to take the mandatory eight count. Immediately Foreman was on the attack and cornered Frazier against a ring post. A savage right sent Frazier sliding down in the corner like Buster Keaton doing a collapse. While Referee Harold Valan tried to lead Foreman away, the fighter paused to stare out at the crowd that had booed him when he entered the ring, as if to say, "See what I did."

Frazier pulled himself up at the count of seven, but Futch, who had raced along the ring apron, wisely told Valan to stop the fight. Despite his protests, Frazier had no hope of continuing, and his son, Marvis, helped him back to his corner. The time of the technical knockout was 2:26.

The right-hand punch made Frazier decide to retire from boxing. Now 32, a pro for the last 11 years and battered by

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Ali in Manila and Foreman in exotic Uniondale, he said after he was stitched up and patched, "It's time for me to put it on the wall and go boogie, boogie, boogie," which translates as keep on living and have a good time. There was no bitterness, simply acceptance that his time had come to stay at home with the family and go to the gym just to work out. "The whole doggone game was a high-light, a lot of fun," he said, "and if I had the chance to do it again, it still would be a lot of fun."

Foreman was pleased with his fight. He sounded more assured than arrogant when he said, "That was a good boxing performance for me, I was fighting his corner and his strategy. I had to fight Joe Frazier but keep his corner amazed. It was a tough fight for me mentally." He felt only one punch, a left hook that had raised a puff near his right eye. "You don't say oops when Joe Frazier hits you," he said. "You say Oh Lord."

Foreman is now back at the ranch he recently bought 15 miles outside Marshall, Texas, his birthplace. There he has two Appaloosas, 16 Tennessee walking horses, a parakeet, two hounds (he likes to hunt and eat raccoon), a lion, a tiger, an English bulldog named Leroy, a Doberman pinscher and nine German shepherds, including a bitch he bought in Germany for \$25,000. Foreman's ambition is to breed the best German shepherd the world has ever seen. Bill Caplan, who made the Frazier match and has known Foreman since he was a green amateur in the Job Corps, says, "George likes to look at animals, admire their strength and learn from them."

"Jimmy Young would be interesting," Foreman says of future matches. "I can't sit idle. I have to stay active. Inactivity can kill me. Just like a great pianist. He's got to play to stay in tune. I want to fight for the title. I'm not interested in going into fights just to make money."

Champion Ali is booked against wrestler Inoki, the Pelican, in Japan this Friday night, and should he win that circus, he is signed to take on Ken Norton in Yankee Stadium in September. Foreman is confident of beating whoever wins that match and regaining the heavy-weight title. He destroyed Norton in Caracas two years ago. And as for Muhammad, well, "If I got him into the ring now, it would be like pickin' peas, a country boy pickin' peas."

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# AFTER THE NIGHTMARE



*As another Olympics approaches, a noted author recalls the tragic events of Munich, 1972, describes the shattering effect the murders had on three Israelis, including world-class sprinter Esther Roth (below), and tells what they have done with their lives since*

*by* **E.L. DOCTOROW**



CONTINUED



## NIGHTMARE

Continued

### REPLAY

*This particular event of the XXth Olympiad, in Munich, begins at an odd hour. It is 4:30 a.m. A group of young men dressed in warmup suits and carrying equipment bags are scaling the eight-foot security fence of the Olympic Village. A guard at the end of the street catches sight of them, utters and turns his back. Another hunch who has broken curfew. Once over the fence the transgressors move into the Village. They stop in a narrow alley, open their bags and pull out their kalashnikov submachine guns.*

Let us look at a lonely long distance runner. His name is Yuval Wischnitzer. He is 28 and he runs every morning of his life. He has red hair, freckled skin, white eyebrows. The bones of his face give him the fierce aspect of an eagle. He runs on his family's farm in Avidgor, a town so small that you cannot find it on the map. Avidgor is in Israel and Wischnitzer is the one international-class male runner this small nation hopes to bring to Montreal this summer.

He runs distances from 1,500 to 10,000 meters. The Israel Olympic Committee has told him that if he wants to get to Montreal he must first run the 5,000 meters in 13:40. The Committee feels that anything slower makes him noncompetitive and therefore not worth the cost of the trip. On the other hand, they have no doubt that he will make it.

But Wischnitzer, who has to do the running, is not that sure. He ran a 13:39.8 in August of 1974, but he won't be sure until he does it again. Every morning he puts on his track shoes and runs and listens to himself as a musician listens to the notes he plays. The runner feels the effort of his run and suffers it, but above

and outside this feeling he contemplates his own performance and is critical of its deficiencies. Something as intimate as his own pain or the rhythm of his breathing he considers as objectively as the jockey considers his horse. What Wischnitzer hopes for as he runs is to feel integral—that is to feel without self-consciousness or ego the exhilaration of his best speed.

So there is this condition of Yuval Wischnitzer's life—the classic solitude of the runner in constant critical relation to himself.

Beyond that, he endures the peculiar isolation of a class runner in Israel, a country which produces very few track stars. By comparison, New Zealand, with an even smaller population, produces many. John Walker, who has run the mile in a world record 3:49.4, comes from New Zealand. But New Zealand does not take its 18-year-olds and put them into the army for three years and call them back for periodic reserve service. A physiologist in Israel discovered that until the age of 17 Israeli boys have among the best physiques in the world and are the kind of prime population from which great athletes come. But after 17 everything goes. The boys wear off their genius in the army. By the age of 21, it is too late for a young man to recover his promise. Therefore, one as dogged and determined as Yuval Wischnitzer must go to other countries to find the races he needs to develop. In Israel there is no competition.

And now he may really begin to talk of isolation. For most international meets Wischnitzer makes his own arrangements. In 1973 at the World University Games in Moscow, he was booed by 100,000 Russian fans. Since then the situation for an Israeli runner has worsened. He is not invited to France. Eastern Europe blacklists him totally. The Third World countries discouraged his application and last year in Stockholm he was able to run in the Dagens Nyheter Games only by appearing under the colors of a Swedish club with no mention being made of his Israeli nationality.

Now that is a great and terrible loneliness. Wischnitzer's body is not political but his world is. One would rather run down a country road in the sun just to

be doing it than compete in this way.

Today, nations have armies and navies and they have athletes. It takes a peculiar combination of killing and public relations to run a country. Athletes, like those of Eastern Europe, may be totally supported by the state; in some Western European countries they may receive government subsidies by meeting standards of performance; in the United States they may receive university scholarships; in Israel they may participate in the distribution of funds raised by a national football lottery. Whatever the means of support, there are very few athletes in the world who want to pay their own way—or can. They just want to run, or to swim. If they're good they'll keep their minds on their running or their swimming and let their countries take care of them with that kind of innocent expectation, that natural assumption of their own deservingness that is true also of infants.

But Yuval Wischnitzer is a highly intelligent man, far more articulate than an athlete is supposed to be. When not in training he works as an economist in Israel's Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Perhaps that is why he is so sensitive to the politics of sport. He is able to talk on the subject with wry humor. He points out, for instance, that within Israel itself amateur sports have an intensely political character. (There is no professional sports establishment equivalent to ours in Israel.) The leading amateur clubs, which comprise virtually the whole of organized sports, are affiliated with political parties. And it is a widespread belief that the club that wins the crucial annual football tournament in Jerusalem will produce for its sponsoring party approximately 35,000 additional votes in the next national elections.

Wischnitzer withdrew from one of the clubs, Hapoel, some years ago. As a result he is not popular with the sports establishment. He describes Israel's selection of Olympic athletes this way: "Mr. Glivinsky [head of the Olympic Committee] wants to go to Montreal. But he needs athletes to get in. So that's how some of us get to go, too." At least one official who knows Wischnitzer suggests that it is just this attitude, this irreverent



intelligence, that will probably prevent him from becoming a winner in the world class. But not necessarily. Intelligence can run the body as it can the mind; outrage can power one's legs as well as one's brain cells.

Wischnitzer failed to qualify for the Olympics in the 1,500 by one second. But he has his opinions about Munich, 1972, as does every Israeli. He says, "Israel should not have withdrawn from the Olympics after the death of the 11. Any athlete who could have competed at that point should have. Israel should have stayed if only to fly the flag." He is not unmindful of the irony that since Munich and the victimization of the Israeli team, Israel's political position in international sports has changed for the worse. He says the only country with more difficulties is South Africa.

International games are a precise barometer of international relations, and the publicizing of ideological points of view by the strategic withdrawal of athletes from the games is a universal practice. There are other ways of expressing political disapproval. At those same World University Games in Moscow in 1973 in which Wischnitzer was booted, Red Army soldiers destroyed Israeli flags in the stands during basketball games. In the 1974 Asian Games in Teheran, Esther Roth, Israel's premier runner, won a gold medal. The Chinese silver and bronze medal winners refused to shake her hand. In 1975 India refused the Israeli team a visa, thus preventing it from playing in the world table tennis championship in Calcutta.

Wischnitzer says that after the Arab-sponsored U.N. resolution condemning Zionism as a form of racism he thought the next step was for Israel to be kicked out of the Olympics. He feels in any event that if the Olympics of 1976 happened to have been located in a Third World country Israel certainly wouldn't have been allowed to participate. "We're lucky the Olympics are in Montreal," he says.

Withal he runs. He runs within concentric circles of loneliness on a track seemingly shared by no one else. He likes to run. He has the classic development of the track athlete: lean, spare of frame,

fairly tall, with little development of the upper body, which is the part that must be carried. He may qualify for the Olympics or he may not, but Yuval Wischnitzer has no fears about racing in Montreal or anywhere else. He wants to run. "I hope I am too fast to be a good target," he says with a smile.

*At 4.55 a.m., an Israeli wrestling coach hears a knock at the door of the team quarters and gets up to answer it. "Is this the Israeli team?" a voice asks in German. The coach opens the door a crack and sees a weapon. He throws himself against the door, shouting back over his shoulder to alert his sleeping roommate. A short burst of submachine-gun fire splinters the door and kills the coach instantly.*

*A moment later athletes are breaking windows with their hands and elbows and leaping into the street. Bullets whistle past their heads. In one room a wrestler, an immensely strong man, holds off the intruders by patting his back to the door. "Boys, get out," he yells. In another room a weight lifter tries to stand off the killers with a knife. They shoot him.*

*The territory is taken. Nine Israeli*

*team members who didn't get out sit raped together on their beds. The acrid smell of fired rounds hangs in the air. And the terrorists are ready to begin negotiations with the world. They are the Black September faction of the Palestine Liberation Organization. In return for the lives of these athletes they want more than 200 Arab guerrillas released from Israeli prisons. They want a plane for themselves and the hostages. They set a deadline.*

For Mrs. Ankie Spitzer the Olympics in Montreal should be an occasion for at least one minute of silence. That minute in which 70,000 people would stand in silent salute to the dead of Munich could begin to reconcile her to the four years she has lived alone and often embattled since the death of her husband, the fencing master Andre Spitzer.

Ankie Spitzer lives with her 4-year-old daughter Anouk Yael in a pleasant duplex apartment in a suburb of Tel Aviv. The apartment is airy and light with lots of plants. Strewn about are toys of the sort chosen by thoughtful and progressive parents—colorful wooden toys of the nonviolent kind. On the white walls of the living room are pho-

*continued*

*At the Olympic Village, Ankie Spitzer observes where her husband was held captive.*



tographs of her late husband who was 27 when he was killed. One sees a slender man, a long face framed with heavy black eyelashes. Smiling, he holds a newborn infant.

Ankie Spitzer is now 30. She is a fencer herself and met her husband in Holland where he came from Israel to coach. Mrs. Spitzer fenced for Holland. She is a convert to Judaism, having been born and raised the daughter of an economic advisor to the Dutch government. She is a trim, good-looking woman who wears her hair short and moves something like a dancer as she greets her guest, pours glasses of wine, tends to her child. She is able to talk of the events of Munich directly and with no undue display of emotion. But as she talks she smokes one cigarette after another.

She was in Munich to be with her husband. They went out one evening together and when they returned to her hotel they found the doors locked for the night. And so the fencing master and his wife decided to spend the night in his room in the Olympic Village. The Games were very happy and relaxed at this point. The German authorities had been determined to erase the forbidding residual national image of Nazism. There was a lot of *Gemütlichkeit*. Security police at the Olympic Village wore casual sporty uniforms so as not to remind people of the old *Polizei*. Curfews were easily broken and the athletes had no trouble slipping in and out of the Village or associating with athletes of the opposite sex. Mr. and Mrs. Spitzer got into the Village simply by walking in through the exit rather than the entrance. She remembers being momentarily alarmed by the ease with which they breached security. They did not even have difficulty at the checkpoint set up at the Israeli section.

After Andre Spitzer had coached his fencers in the Olympics he took two days off to return to Holland with his wife. Their infant girl was being kept in a hospital to see if there was any reason for her excessive crying. She cried constantly. At the end of the two days, satisfied by the doctors that nothing was seriously wrong with the child, Andre Spitzer decided to go back to Munich to lend moral support to other members of the team who had yet to compete. Ankie remembers the difficulty they had getting to the train in time for An-

dre to go back to Munich. They actually missed the train and raced by car to the next station so he could pick it up. They waved goodbye and she never saw him again.

The survivors of the 11 Israeli coaches and athletes murdered in Munich have organized a kind of association. Mrs. Spitzer belongs to this but she is somewhat apart from the other members and, from this independence of spirit, has said and done things that the other surviving families have not entirely approved of. She has, for instance, used her share of the \$1 million presented to the families by the German government as seed funding for a fencing academy in Israel. She refuses to use any of the money for herself or her baby. In the past three years she has traveled a good deal to gather support for her fencing academy, which she sees as a source of supply for future fencers in international competition. Senators Hubert Humphrey and Jacob Javits are among the sponsors of the Memorial Sports Complex at the University of Haifa, of which the fencing academy will be a part.

Ankie Spitzer is different too in refusing to consider her husband's death as a closed case. When she received the official death certificate from Germany the cause of death was listed as "murder"—hardly the specific, pathological description one would expect from a coroner's office. The personal belongings of her husband had not been returned to her three months after his death, despite her repeated demands to the *Arbeitspolizei* in Munich. Only when she stormed into the office of the German ambassador to Israel and threatened to publicize her difficulties, were her husband's effects returned—the very next day, in fact. When first informed of Andre's death she went to Munich and wanted to accompany the official Israeli physician to the Pathological Institute in order to identify the body. She was not permitted to do this. From these experiences—the absurd autopsy report, the reluctance of the police to return her husband's clothes, their absolute refusal to allow her to identify her husband's body—Ankie Spitzer feels that there may have been something in the nature of a cover-up. She has written four letters to the Pathological Institute in Munich to get a clarification of the

coroner's findings. She has received no answer. She believes it possible that her husband was killed not by the Arabs but by the rifles of the German police. The helicopter in which Spitzer was held captive shows bullet holes in its underside. She doesn't know why that should be. She has requested but received no cooperation from the Israeli government, and feels if there is something to cover up, her own government is acting in complicity with the Germans.

You get the impression that Ankie Spitzer is not entirely displeased to be known as one who makes trouble. For two weeks after her husband's death her baby and her brother and sister in Holland were kept in hiding by Israeli officials as a result of threats having been received against their lives. Ankie was not allowed to join them but was reunited with the child when she was flown back to Israel in a special El Al plane. The Defense Ministry suggested that the young widow and her infant stay at a military camp for their own safety, but Ankie refused. Instead, and with the consent of the ministry, they hid with friends for four months. When they returned home a night guard watched the house while patrol cars made checks during the days, looking for suspicious objects in Ankie's mail. Even today the Spitzer household is the beneficiary of Israeli security. It is a not entirely normal life.

There is a wedding picture of the young couple on the wall. Who shall tell one or another of us how best to deal with our grief? Ankie Spitzer thinks about her fencing academy to be named after her husband. She takes care of her little girl. She could go back to Holland to live—her mother and father wait her to—but she feels her child would suffer from too much sympathy. "Here she is not so special," Ankie says. "There are lots of little children whose fathers are dead. It is not unusual." She has friends and rather resolutely participates in the ordinary activities of a middle-class community, but she is determined that there will be some ceremony or some recognition on the part of the world that her husband and 10 others died in the Olympics four years ago. To the anger of the Israeli Olympic Committee she wrote to the International Olympic Committee demanding to know what its intentions were in this regard. Officials of the Is-

continued

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## NIGHTMARE continued

raeli Olympic Committee feel that Mrs. Spitzer is impolitic and something of a nuisance. One official said, "Israel wants no crying, no special ceremony in Montreal. We are going to compete in the Games. That is all." Anke Spitzer answers, "There will be something. The families are going to Montreal. There will be some ceremony if I have to create it all by myself."

By daylight German police have surrounded the area. Armored cars patrol the streets. In Israel, the cabinet decides not to negotiate with the terrorists. German Foreign Ministry officials attempt to contact the heads of governments in the Arab world. None offers to mediate. None will intervene. By nightfall the German authorities permit the terrorists and their blindfolded hostages to enter two helicopters for a ride to an airbase 15 miles away. There a 727 waits, presumably ready for takeoff. There are eight terrorists, when the helicopters land at the airbase, some of them step out to check the 727. At this moment police sharpshooters slaying the airport open fire. Three Arabs are hit, a fourth takes cover and shoots out the control tower floodlights. Another forces a grenade into one of the helicopters in which the bound hostages sit. It explodes and burns like a torch.

The skirmish lasts an hour. When it is over all the Israeli hostages are dead. They were wrestlers, weight lifters, a track and field coach, a rifle team coach and a fencer. Five of the terrorists are dead. 4 German police officer is dead. And this event of the XXth Olympiad is concluded.

In 1936, Israel was Palestine and under the British Mandate; a brilliant English officer, Captain Orde Wingate (later a commander in the Burmese theatre of World War II), was assigned to the Jewish underground militia, the Haganah. Wingate trained the elite squads in the art of guerrilla night fighting and they had great success defending Jewish settlements against Arab attacks. Even more important, they became the cadre from which officers of the new Israeli army were chosen many years later. In Israel, Orde Wingate is a hero.

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continued

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## NIGHTMARE continued

Mediterranean Sea 20 miles north of Tel Aviv called The Wingate National Institute for Sports and Physical Education, and it is here that Israel's physical training teachers and coaches receive their schooling. The terrain and climate at Wingate is identical to that of Southern California. The sun is soft and beneficent and the rollers come into the beach with a pacific evenness. There are dormitories here, tennis courts, classrooms, dance studios, soccer fields, a gymnasium, an Olympic swimming pool and a cinder track. Beautifully laid out and landscaped, Wingate suggests the ultimate summer camp. Apart from the Israeli jet fighters that occasionally tear the sky overhead, there is little sense here of a nation whose survival is in question. Out on the track, Israel's premier athlete, Esther Roth, is training. The sun is shining. The grass inside the track is lush spring grass. Even from this distance it is clear that the young woman is a world-class athlete. She jogs and hurries into a sprint and walks with concentrated self-regard. But she is not humorless or aloof, and she exchanges jokes with the other people using the track, or doing field events on the grass.

On the backstretch a coach is lining children up to do sprints. In a field nearby a strapping young man is flinging himself into the air over a bar. Roth calls to him and gets him to do sprints with her. They run across the grass from one curve of the track to the other, then turn and walk back, then turn and sprint, and then walk back again. They are incredibly fast and beautiful to watch. The boy is too big and sturdy to be a runner but his legs are long and he is in superb condition. He is able to make Roth go faster than she would if running alone. Roth is ideally built. All her musculature and power is concentrated in the buttocks, thighs and calves. The nonfunctional part of her running self, the trunk, is flat and lean. She has wide shoulders, a narrow waist. Her black hair is tied behind her neck in a ponytail.

While Roth does her wind sprints on the grass, a thin blond man in a blue warmup suit is setting up hurdles on the cinders. He is Peter Roth, the star's husband. He was a gymnast but gave up his career before he married Roth and became her coach. His abilities are not entirely respected by the coaching commu-

nity, but it is grudgingly conceded that in the two years or so he has been coaching his wife, he has learned everything he could learn about the theory of coaching. He has studied and, most important, he has gotten his wife to run again.

In Munich in 1972, Esther Roth, then Esther Shahamurov, ran in the semifinals of the 100-meter dash and was edged out of the final by 1/100 of a second. She was entered in the 100-meter hurdles and up to the semifinals when the Black Septemberists stormed their way into the Olympic Village and subsequently took the lives of the 11 coaches and athletes, among them Esther's beloved mentor Amittur Shapira, the man who discovered her when she was a 14-year-old kid running for a club in Tel Aviv. Roth withdrew from the semifinals and went back to Israel with her coach's body and did not put on a pair of track shoes for two years. It was the young man she married who persuaded her to run again, and for this the otherwise skeptical coaching establishment in Israel is grateful to him.

In the Asian Games in Teheran in 1974 Roth won three gold medals—in the 100- and 200-meter sprints and in the 100-meter hurdles. At the 1975 Regional Games in Seoul, Korea, she won two gold medals. Roth is the only Israeli who can possibly win something in the Olympics, yet the Olympic Committee people will be happy just to see her run in the finals. She will compete in the 100-meter dash and in the 100-meter hurdles. If she even reaches the finals she will have brought Israel to a point of achievement in sports that this 28-year-old country has never before accomplished.

Dr. Alberto Ayalon walks down to the track to observe at close hand the more intense phase of Roth's daily training. Ayalon is a professor of biomechanics who teaches at Wingate. A pipe-smoking, mustached man in his 30s, he is here because Roth is having a problem with her time trials in the hurdles. Ayalon draws a diagram. They've discovered that off the mark Roth's reaction time is astonishingly fast but that recently in the stretch she has peaked too early. Ayalon says that her anaerobic efforts—her internal energy resources—flag prematurely. This is not characteristic of her. Ayalon and Peter Roth believe she is doing something wrong with her rear hurdling leg. Ayalon removes from its leather case

an eight-lens Polaroid camera. When you take a picture with this camera it makes eight separate prints in sequence. Ayalon is going to try to photograph Roth's movements as she goes over a hurdle. Ayalon and Peter Roth pull a heavy metal scaffolding alongside the fourth gate and with his camera the professor climbs to the top of the scaffolding some 10 or 12 feet above the ground. Peter Roth in the meantime is running a wire alongside the track. The hurdles have been set up for a 50-meter trial, and beyond the last hurdle is a homemade wooden swingbar, also wired, which Roth will break as if it were a tape. When her body makes contact with this swingbar a circuit will be broken and her time will be recorded.

Back at the starting line Peter Roth has wired a starting gun to the chocks. He will be able to time the differential between the sound of the starting gun and the moment Roth's foot leaves the starting block. This is called her "reaction time." By means of further intricate wiring, he will be able to know the time she takes to get to each hurdle. This is called her "movement time." He will be able to chart a graph similar to the one shown by Ayalon visualizing the anaerobic capacity of Roth and depicting which points of her race are the strongest and which are the weakest.

While all these preparations are being made, Roth is half-hurdling, running alongside the hurdles as a warmup and swinging one leg over each hurdle at less than top speed. Some children have gathered to watch not her, but all this electronic equipment that Peter Roth has devised to measure her performance.

Finally, under the sun in this cool and beneficent spring afternoon, the gun fires and Roth is on her way. She is so incredibly fast that Ayalon on his scaffolding misses the shot almost entirely. She has gone by so quickly that of the eight prints she is visible only in about four. He retakes the camera and Roth comes back to the starting block. She is breathing deeply and there is some good-natured badinage between her and the coach and the professor of biomechanics who has not been able to catch her on film. Once again at her husband's command she kneels at the starting block. She places a foot on the rear block. With her fingers she measures off the proper position for her hands on the track. She

*continued*

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## ON SALE NOW

## NIGHTMARE continued

nods and Peter Roth shouts a command. She lifts her knee from the cinders, poised now for the start. The gun cracks and she is off. Again she is past Ayalon on his scaffolding. The Polaroid extrudes the new print some time after Roth has crossed the finish line. It is a better print this time although somewhat blurred. Roth is seen in the centre eight prints from the beginning of the hurdle to the point at which her rear foot is passing over it. There is not enough detail, however, to make a meaningful analysis and Roth is asked to perform the run for the third time.

Later Ayalon packs his camera. The experiment has not been entirely successful. In the meantime Peter Roth has been writing his numbers and drawing his graphs. Into the afternoon, Esther Roth dutifully and obediently runs and runs. With no real competition for her in Israel, her opponent must be the clock. The coach is no fool and understands the importance to his wife's physical and psychological training of this faceless technical opponent. Esther has only herself to race. He points out the excellent reaction time she has off the blocks, the less satisfactory times at the later hurdles. But Esther Roth has today run like the wind.

During a lull in her practice she speaks of her 2-year-old son Yaron. She does not think about Munich, she says, because she cannot afford to. She has no fears for herself at Montreal, trusting the Canadian security. She is not certain she can win a medal, although she is as good as anybody in Western Europe. But there are sprinters and hurdlers in East Germany, Poland and Russia, to whom she has been compared. She smiles and nods. "In Eastern Europe there are five women with the same time. Which of us will win?" She shrugs.

Yuvai Wischnitzer said that he runs for himself first and Israel second. And Roth? Her English is halting. She is dark-haired and has a classic Mediterranean complexion, large dark eyes and white teeth. "I run for Israel first," she says. "Not for me. I'm nothing."

And then she is back hurdling again. It is late afternoon. The children are gone and she is alone now on the track. As she soars above each hurdle her husband's shouts echo over the field as he exhorts her to go faster, faster. **END**





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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 13-19

**ARMORY**—DARRELL PACE, Jr., of Richmond, Ohio, scored 2,572 points to lead the qualifying at the U.S. Olympic Trials in Oxford, Ohio. Joining him on the men's team will be RICK MCINNIS, 23, of Memphis, Ind. The two women qualifiers were LUAN-BYON, 22, of Riverside, Calif., and LINDA MYERS, 28, of York, Pa.

**CHALLENGE**—ARIZONA won its first collegiate national championship by beating Eastern Michigan 3-1 in the final of the Sky Collegiate World Series in Oxnard, Neb. (page 51).

**BASKETBALL**—After nine years of war, the NBA agreed to a merger with the ABA by absorbing—for a hefty price—four of the six surviving ABA clubs: the New York Nets, Indiana Pacers, Denver Nuggets and San Antonio Spurs. (page 64)

**BOXING**—A GEORGE TORREMAN scored a TKO over Joe Frazier at 2:20 of the fifth round of a scheduled 12-fighter on Long Island. Frazier subsequently announced his retirement. (page 61)

**ALEXIS** ARGUELLO, 24, of Nicaragua, knocked out Mexico's Salvador Torres at 1:25 of the third round in Los Angeles to retain his World Boxing Association featherweight championship.

**ECKHARD** DAGGE, 28, won the world junior middleweight title in his hometown of Berlin when the champion, the Bulgarian Kiko Obied, quit fighting in the 16th round.

**CYCLING**—At the U.S. Olympic Trials in Madison, Wis., PAUL DELMONT, RONALD SISK, RIN, ROGER YOUNG and JIM OCHOWICZ were selected for the 4,000-meter tandem race. (page 54) The four qualifiers included LARRY HANCOCK, who SKI in the 1,000-meter match sprint, and VANCE LEE in the 1,000-meter time trial and LEONARD NITZ in the 4,000-meter individual pursuit.

**FOOTBALL**—STEVE MYER, a draft choice of the Los Angeles Raiders from the University of South Carolina, completed 12 of 15 passes for two touchdowns, and was named player of the game as he quarterbacked the team to a 15-17 win over the Rams in the 16th annual Coach A-A American game in Lubbock, Texas.

**GOLF**—JERRY PATE shot a three-under-par 277 to win the U.S. Open at the Atlanta Athletic Club by two strokes (page 19).

**HORSE RACING**—PAY TRIBUTE, Marco Castaneda age, the longest proved horse in the field, won the \$226,000 Hollywood Gold Cup at Hollywood Park by 3½ lengths and paid \$29.60 (page 36).

Jockey George TEDESCHI rode a North American record six by Hubert Jones in 1984 when he rode eight winners in a single day, three of them at Keeneland during the afternoon and five at Atlantic City at night.

**HOCKEY**—NASH: The New York Cosmos lost to the New York Breakers, which they protested, but failed later to beat Elvira, the Italian's best defender, later to the Northern Division leader, who led the team to its two straight Super Bowl wins. Last year's Cosmos' record was tied in the East. The Cosmos' record was tied in the West. Los Angeles broke out a 10-game losing streak with consecutive 3-1 wins over Rochester and Portland and both retained as the Western Division leader. George Best scored both Los Angeles goals at the Astoria Boat Tampa Bay 2-1 in overtime. Of the seven goals Best has scored that season, six have been goal-kickers.

**ASL**—Joe Neri, the league's top scorer in 1973, boosted the winning goal at Eastern Division leader Rhode Island defeated New York 3-2, 1-0. In the West, from meeting Los Angeles shot out New Jersey 4-0 and finished California to just one shot in a 1-1 tie, but the play-off Utah kept close by beating New Jersey 1-0.

**SWIMMING**—At the U.S. Olympic Trials in Long Beach, Calif., BRIAN GOODALE, a 17-year-old Californian, set a world record in the 400-meter freestyle (17:50.00) and John Nork added a new one, or in the 200-meter backstroke (2:00.64) (page 35).

**TEENIES**—In English preliminaries to Wimbledon, CHRIS EVERETT defeated Virginia Wade 6-3, 6-3 in two sets and won the Wimbledon title, while Jimmy Connors and Bic Naudas shared prize money of \$11,662 in the John Player event at Nottingham.

when rain forced abandonment of their final match. Each had won a set and they had split the first two games of the third set.

**TRIAN 3-0**—At the Olympic Trials in Eugene, Ore., STEVE WILLIAMS, coming for a gold medal in the 100- and 200-meter dashes, suffered a leg injury, did not qualify for the U.S. team in either event but will accompany the team to its training site at Plattsburgh, N.Y. Qualifiers for the men's 100 were HARVEY GLANTZ (10.1), HOUSTON MITCHELL and VANCE LEE (10.2), and for the 200, GEORGE TORREMAN and JIM OCHOWICZ (21.3). For the women's 100, KATHY MCILLAN (12.7), SHERIDAN WALKER and MARTHA WATSON, women's javelin throw—KATHY SCHMIDT (129' 3"), SHERIE CALVERT and KAREN SMITH.

**WELSH**—ANNOUNCED A series of three "dream" teams to be held this summer after the Olympics. The participants will be New Zealand's mile world-record holder, JOHN WALKER, Toronto's FILBERT BAY, the 1,500-meter record man, New Zealand's ROD DIXON, MIKE BOIT of Kenya, THOMAS WESINGHAGE of West Germany, LAMONN COGHLEN of Ireland, RICH WILHELM and MARTHA WATSON of the U.S., plus the winner of the Olympic 1,300 meter swim to be held in the group.

**NAMED** As head coach of the Quebec Nordiques of the World Hockey Association, the 40-year-old BOB LALU, who was fired last year by the NHL Pittsburgh Penguins.

**NAMED** As vice-president and general manager of Toronto's new, renamed American Basketball team, PETER BAVANI, 31, son of E. J. (Barney) Bavan, president of the San Diego Padres, whom the younger Bavan had served since 1972.

**RETURED** Tackle CHARLIE COWAN, of the Los Angeles Rams, a retirement follows by one week that of JOE SCHREIBER, a guard and also a Ram 15-year man.

**SOLD** By Oakland A's Owner Charles O. Finley, Packer VIDA BLIS, to the New York Yankees for a reported \$15 million and outfielder JOE RICE and pitcher ROLLIE FINGERHART, the Boston Red Sox for \$1 million. Three days later Commissioner BOWIE KUHN vowed the deal "near 2-2."

**SYNDICATED** Nelson Bender Horn's Epsom Derby winner EMPIRE and French Derby winner YOUTH for \$6 million apiece. Only three thoroughbred horses of the year were sold for more than \$1 million. Wiggins (37.2 million) and semi-retired (56.0 million). The two 1-year-olds will continue to race until the end of the 1979 season and then be moved to stud in Kentucky.

**TRADED** By the Baltimore Orioles, Pitcher Ken HOLZMAN to the New York Yankees as part of a 10-player swap. In other deals prior to the June 13 trading deadline, St. Louis sent Outfielder RICH GILES SMITH to Los Angeles for Catcher-Outfielder JOE PERGUSON and San Francisco and Atlanta completed a four-player trade in which the Braves traded pitcher WILLIE MONTANIZ for Braves infielder DARRYL EVANS.

**TRADED** By the NY Yankees, 6' 2" Guard TOM VAN ARDRELE to the Buffalo Braves for Guard KEN CHARLES and Forward-Guard DICK GIBBS. Van Ardrele has averaged 16.2 points a game in an 11-year career.

**WAIIVED** Quarterback JOE GILMAN, of the Pittsburgh Steelers, Gilman was the Steelers' starter, with a 4-1 record, at the beginning of the 1974 season. Then he was replaced by Terry Bradshaw, who led the team to its two straight Super Bowl wins. Last year Gilman was demoted to third string and there were reports that he had been hired for a million-dollar-a-year move to the NFL. He was released last week by the New Orleans Saints after 13 other teams had passed him over. Subsequently, Gilman was arrested near Nashville, Tenn., on charges of possessing cocaine carrying a weapon and reckless driving.

**DIED** JIMMY DYKES, 70, a major league baseball player, coach and manager for almost 50 years. An infielder, he played 22 seasons and had a lifetime batting average of .285. He played six seasons in Detroit, Cleveland, the Philadelphia A's, the Chicago White Sox, the Baltimore Orioles and the Cincinnati Reds—and led an American League record for managers by being thrown out of 82 games. Dykes never won a pennant.

## CREDITS

4. Anthony, Dave, 13—drawing by, Arnold Burt, 17—Tony, Fred, 20, 21—Tony, Fred, 11, Walter, 10, 11, 12, 13—Tony, Fred, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21—Tony, Fred, 22, 23—Tony, Fred, 24, 25—Tony, Fred, 26, 27—Tony, Fred, 28, 29—Tony, Fred, 30, 31—Tony, Fred, 32, 33—Tony, Fred, 34, 35—Tony, Fred, 36, 37—Tony, Fred, 38, 39—Tony, Fred, 40, 41—Tony, Fred, 42, 43—Tony, Fred, 44, 45—Tony, Fred, 46, 47—Tony, Fred, 48, 49—Tony, Fred, 50, 51—Tony, Fred, 52, 53—Tony, Fred, 54, 55—Tony, Fred, 56, 57—Tony, Fred, 58, 59—Tony, Fred, 60, 61—Tony, Fred, 62, 63—Tony, Fred, 64, 65—Tony, Fred, 66, 67—Tony, Fred, 68, 69—Tony, Fred, 70, 71—Tony, Fred, 72, 73—Tony, Fred, 74, 75—Tony, Fred, 76, 77—Tony, Fred, 78, 79—Tony, Fred, 80, 81—Tony, Fred, 82, 83—Tony, Fred, 84, 85—Tony, Fred, 86, 87—Tony, Fred, 88, 89—Tony, Fred, 90, 91—Tony, Fred, 92, 93—Tony, Fred, 94, 95—Tony, Fred, 96, 97—Tony, Fred, 98, 99—Tony, Fred, 100, 101—Tony, Fred, 102, 103—Tony, Fred, 104, 105—Tony, Fred, 106, 107—Tony, Fred, 108, 109—Tony, 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Edited by GAY FLOOD

## HOOPS AND CORKS

Sir:

Your report on the NBA playoffs (*Call Them Champs Again*, June 14) is unfair to the Celtics and Coach Tom Heinsohn. The Celtics proved once again they are the best team in basketball by winning their 13th championship in 20 years. Not only did their starters come through in the clutch, but also their much-maligned bench.

You say that Heinsohn is always looking over his shoulder at Red Auerbach. That is ridiculous. Tommy Heinsohn is his own man and probably the best coach in the league today.

ALAN MILLER

Boston

Sir:

Celtic fans may think Tommy Heinsohn is a winner—but Tommy Heinsohn is not a champion to those of us concerned with the obligation to exemplify sportsmanship in the

face of intense competition. Boston fans may defend his antics on national television, I find them inexcusable.

BOB SCOTT

Paterson, N.J.

Sir:

Barry McDermott says "... by then Boston had a 10-point lead and the cork-screws in the champagne." Please, Barry, use careful thumb and finger pressure—but no corkscrew—to open your next bottle of champagne.

RICHARD WOLANSKE

Ashburnham, Mass.

Sir:

After an already elongated regular schedule this year's playoffs lasted two months! That's not a playoff—it's a season. Enough already!

JAY LEINRACH

Swarthmore, Pa.

Sir:

What a playoff! What games, superteams, super coaches! Fantastic! Basketball in June! Let 'em play til Labor Day.

JIM IANSONE

JIM IANSONE JR

Adelphi, Md.

## OLYMPIC BASKETBALL

Sir:

Are we to believe (*Coming Carolina Blue to Gold*, June 14) that seven of the 15 best available amateur basketball players are from North Carolina? Coach Dean Smith's conference, with four of those seven from his team? Then North Carolina should have won this year's NCAA tournament. But wait, I seem to remember the Tarheels being handled neatly in an opening round game by Alabama (nobody on the U.S. Olympic team from there, of course).

JAMES H. BERGLAND

Wheeler, Mich.

continued

## The results of the \$250,000 Longest Ball Challenge:

Titleist—no show.

Blue Max—no show.

Royal +6—no show.

Wilson LD—no show.

Maxfli—no show.

Titleist DT—no show.

Last season, Top-Flite put its money where its mouth is: \$250,000 to any of these other leading balls that can beat Top-Flite in a distance test using golfers like yourself. (Top-Flite previously won a test like this by up to 13 yards!)

Judging from the turnout, the other leading balls must finally concede what golfers knew all along.

### Top-Flite® is The Longest Ball.

TOP-FLITE

1

Field through  
golf professional shop.

SPALDING

Question

# In the '76 Olympics, all eyes will be on the 100 meters, the 800 meters, the 1500 meters and the postage meters.



## Postage meters?

As teams of amateur athletes attempt to set new records during the '76 Olympic Games at Montreal, a team of Pitney Bowes employees will be quietly setting records of another kind.

In special Pitney Bowes processing centers, located at Olympic Headquarters and in the Olympic Village, our team will handle the anticipated heavy volume of mail and paperwork for the duration of the games.

Our biggest task will be processing the thousands of letters and cards sent by the athletes with our compliments to all parts of the globe. Also, like every well-equipped paperflow center, ours will be geared for high-speed mail opening, sorting, imprinting, collating, folding, inserting, postage metering

and mailing. We'll also have Tickometers to count the tickets, plastic program cards produced by our Malco Plastics subsidiary, and labels and hand-held imprinters/applicators for price marking by official vendors made by our Monarch Marking Systems subsidiary.

Even if the Olympic Games aren't in your plans—but better paperhandling is—call one of Pitney Bowes' offices throughout the United States and Canada, and around the world. Or write to Pitney Bowes, 9064 Pacific Street, Stamford, CT 06904.



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at the speed of paper.



Only at  
Exposition  
in the 1976  
Olympic  
Games

Sir:

The North Carolina coach had every right to load up the U.S. Olympic team with four of his own players, plus three more from the Atlantic Coast conference on a 15-man squad. And I, as an angry American, have every right to cheer for Canada, Mexico or Yugoslavia, instead of North Carolina, in the 1976 Olympics.

Jim McKone

McAllen, Tex.

## PHILLIES

Sir:

I am glad to see players like Dave Cash and Larry Bowa get some well-deserved recognition (*5th, the Phillies Are At Work*, June 14), but I regret that there was no mention of two important and overlooked Phils, Bob Boone and Garry Maddox. Boone, who wasn't even a starter on opening day, is batting .350, yet in the power-packed Phillies' lineup he has to bat eighth. Maddox, although hampered by injuries, has hit solidly all year, and has covered center field in a manner "reminiscent of a . . . celebrated Giant centerfielder of other years." But thank you for the fine story.

Lewis Schendlin

Philadelphia

## MONTEFUSCO

Sir:

John Montefusco's unique ego, his baseball professionalism and his keen sense of humor make him a man to watch. An outstanding athlete, he is bringing some show-biz pizzazz to the baseball field (*The Lap Who Is Split*, June 7). We need more Montefuscos.

Daniel Cox

New York City

## TRAPPING

Sir:

At this moment my adrenaline is flowing and my head pounding. I have never been as disgusted as I was when I read of Dorothy Gooch and her love of trapping (*Trappin' Kool of Sands Alone*, June 14). The mentality of a person who loves the thrill of causing an animal a violent, agonizing death frightens me.

When will our government pass a law to ban the steel leg-hold trap? Several of the animals Gooch traps are on the endangered species list.

It galls me that she thinks she has the right to those animals just because they share the same land. The animals are mine as much as hers, and I want them alive and free.

You have a moral responsibility to now publish us an anti-trapping article.

P.S. I would never buy or wear a fur!

Susan M. Niederkrutter

Oreland, Pa.

Sir:

It would be interesting to see what kind of thrill Dorothy Gooch got out of trapping if the roles were reversed, and she got her hand caught, with no means of escape other than chewing the limb off.

Ronald Kaufman

Portland, Ore.

Sir:

I learned about the barbaric steel-jaw trap the hard way. Last December our pet cat went across the road and into the yard of a neighbor (whose property borders on our local wildlife sanctuary) where he was caught in such a trap for approximately 17 hours before the teen-ager who set the trap found him and released him. When he came home his leg was badly mangled. The vet did what he could but finally had to remove the leg at the shoulder.

After speaking to others in the community I discovered that trapping in our township was quite common and that our pet was not

continued

ATHLETE'S FOOT?

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the first to get caught in such a trap—even children had been injured. Together we were able to get a local ordinance passed which prohibits the use of the trap. We hope more people will become aware of the cruelty of these devices and ban them altogether.

MARY LOU RENE

Grosse Ile, Mich.

#### HIGH FLYER

Sir:

Dwight Stones is a superb athlete and his flying demonstrations are awesome and inspiring. *The Right Height for Dwight's Flight*, June 14). Track isn't quite as popular yet as basketball and baseball, where athletes are paid a mint for their skills. But the true athletes are those like Dwight Stones who work just as hard as professionals, often with inferior equipment and without receiving a nickel, doing it out of love for their sport.

MIKE FINAMORE

Webster, Mass.

Sir:

Two world records were broken in track: Earl Bell broke the pole vault record, and you just put him in *FOR THE RECORD*. A few days later the high jump record was broken,

and it gets a cover story. Please can't we have a little bit more fairness?

SEAN MCCAFFREY

Camden, Ark.

#### SAYI-WALKER

Sir:

Kenny Moore's story on Filbert Bay and John Walker (*Apprentice at a Starting Line*, June 14) not only showed the contrasting lifestyles of the two runners, but also the strenuous physical training and mental stress that go into Olympic preparation. Much attention is focused on the 1,500 meters. Let's hope the Bay-Walker race is more exciting than the Kap Kemo-Jim Ryan contest in 1968. It may be long before we see such milers in the Olympics. Games again.

HENRI C.F. SALAHIN

Deerfield, Mass.

Sir:

In my opinion, what Filbert Bay and John Walker will be fighting for in Montreal is the silver medal. The gold will go to Villanova's Eamon Coghlan, who will be running for Ireland.

TOM GRANT

Garrett Hill, Pa.

#### NAMES AND HOUNDS

Sir:

I was horrified to discover when my magazine arrived that coursing hounds is still a "sport," but the treatment of coursing in Clive Gammon's article (*'Germany, Let's Run'*, June 7) was even more horrifying. It seems to me that Gammon underplayed the inhumane aspect of coursing and even chose to glamorize it. He claims not many hares were killed, but possibly he should have described what a kill comprises. The animal does not die instantly or painlessly.

To find out that coursing is a betting sport in the modern world makes me wonder how civilized the world really is. Gammon states that only one in 10 hares is killed, but he neglects to mention that the other nine are subjected to the torture of running for their lives. Coursing is in the same class as bullfighting, dogfighting and cockfighting, "sports" that should be outlawed.

ERIC DUNAYER

Englestown, N.J.

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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